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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME 1 | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1925 | NUMBER 43

A Meditation on Straws

ALONG the road of literature we have now and again observed peculiar indications. At last we have stopped to meditate upon them. We hold in our hand three straws.

The first straw points to the growth and popularity of the cheaply and multifoldly illustrated newspaper, to the increase of Graphic sections, to the evident desire of the populace not only to read as they run but merely to glance at pictures and captions as they run. So much for journalism.

The second straw might be labelled "Intimate Confessions." There are a number of magazines that today print nothing else. There is one rich and popular magazine that specializes in the personal confession article from innumerable writers more or less in the public eye. A new and somewhat flamboyant weekly whose circulation boast is "Under a Year Over a Million" encourages the same type of writing. Folk must evidently be avid of the "Intimate Confession" today. So much for the periodicals.

Our third straw is the "Brain Tickler." Is it necessary to refer to the now international simoon of Cross-Word Puzzles? The Limerick also is proving vastly popular in the puzzle contest revival. The very latest wrinkle is "The Glimerick Book," listed as being "provocative, rollicking, infectious!" It simply presents limericks with the rhymes deleted and definitions supplied for the deleted words. Readers are encouraged to write "Glimericks," "Grimericks," and "Whimericks," by the offer of prizes.

At first glance, from these indications one might draw the inference that the average of intelligence is rapidly declining. The outlook might be considered dreary. And yet, concurrently, there is no notable decrease in the number of excellent books in process of publication. The number of critical periodicals has increased. Book reviewing maintains a higher standard than ever before. The analysis and appraisal of current writing is increasing, it seems to us, in range and depth. And, we opine, there is keener and more clear-sighted discussion of contemporary literature on the part of the average reader than was the case some years ago.

Then what conclusion, if any, is one to draw?

As far as the increase of picture sections in the established newspapers goes, together with the spread of highly pictorial cheap news-sheets, we perceive merely the continuation of a tendency begun by the rapid spread of the moving picture since its inception. The average human being is lazy when he is not illiterate. It is far easier to glean the news by means of pictures with the briefest of captions than to take the time to read the complete story. The popularity of the intimate confession is simply another phase of the man in the street's incurable taste for sensationalism, which he has by now imparted to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. (Or, if you prefer Adam's version of the Eden story, which they originally imparted to him.) The desire of this age has been for new sensations. The workaday world, with no time for the jazz parties that supply such sensations to the younger generations, get their sensations vicariously through newspapers and magazines, and newspapers and magazines have hustled to supply new ones. The intellectuality of the mass has advanced also to the point where the exercise of a certain amount of mental ingenuity has a new "kick" for them. Hence the puzzle epidemic. Chancing the other day upon a perfect specimen of the *genus* hobo leaning luxuriously up against a building on Madison Avenue, we were not at all surprised to note that he was engaged in working out the cross word puzzle in a salvaged newspaper. He was quite absorbed.

And so, we regard the straws we hold with more tolerance than disgust. Pondering upon them again, as one pulls daisy petals, we wonder whether

(*Continued on page* 775)

Python

(*Tierra Calinte*)

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A LITHE beautiful fear
Thrusts through the parted canes.
I should have known it near
By the blind blood in my veins.

Here is one way of death,
Though with no threat for me.
Now I have caught my breath,
Now that my brain can see,

Amber pours over the ground,
Darkness of amber too:
Blue of the gulf profound,
Superb and bitter blue

Sharp on the lacquered black.
Gold-corniced groping head,
Bold-swerving diamond back . . .
Why wish such beauty dead?

Why thwart such will to live?
Better to think twice.
It is I who am fugitive
From Paradise.

This Week

"The Mother's Recompense." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"A Music Critic's Holiday." Reviewed by *Carl Van Vechten.*

"The Growth of the Mind" and "The Mentality of Apes." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*

"Our Rural Heritage" and Kelsay's "Rural Guide." Reviewed by the late *Herbert Quick.*

Amy Lowell. By *William Rose Benét.*

Next Week, or Later

Wilson as Educator. By *Alexander Meiklejohn.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

The Art of Biography

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

FOR the last four or five years public attention seems to have been turning conspicuously to biography, and this interest has been augmented by the labor of biographers of varied genius and power. But curiosity about the lives of others is one of the most fundamental instincts of the human spirit. It is the basis of all creative literature as well as of biography. Fiction, poetry, drama, are biography in the abstract, and the most absorbing of all studies is the study of common human motive and passion and experience, that is, just your experience or mine.

The great object of biography must always be the portrayal of character, the probing and the revelation of the subtle mystery and secret of personality, which always teases us and always eludes us just when it seems most firmly within our grasp. Sometimes the end is best achieved by an elaborate process of definite analysis of different qualities. Sometimes the personality is made to stand out by a long series of narrative developments in which the central subject gradually grows upon us with a fuller and more absorbing completeness. Different artists will pursue different methods; but the purpose is always the same, to make us better acquainted with the intimate quality and varied depth and richness of a human soul.

Biography at first seems a simple matter, so much so that many people are tempted to undertake it with little qualification except a personal familiarity with the subject dealt with. In reality, however, there are many elements to be considered and to make a good biography requires as much genius and as much training as to make any other perfect work of literary art. Take the mere process of narrative in itself. To tell the story of a life and tell it effectively calls for the utmost study, reflection, and thoughtful care. The narrative must be skilfully composed, so that the different portions may have just the right emphasis to bring out the significance of the whole. The episodes must be fitted to each other, the minor figures must be developed to just the extent necessary to explain the central personage, but not enough to distract attention or to fix upon themselves any engrossing interest.

The biographer must have the keenest critical judgment in the use of his materials. For instance, his work must necessarily depend in large part upon the report and record of others as to the character he is studying. He must be able to analyze this record, to allow for the possibilities of error, to estimate the varying credibility of the witnesses he is dealing with, to throw out some with remorseless disregard, to use others with the greatest discretion and reserve, to recognize that there are still others upon whom he can rely with confidence and who may even form largely the basis of his narrative. A nice discrimination of this sort in the use of testimony is as rare as it is absolutely essential for biographical purposes.

Take another form of material, perhaps the most important of all for the biographer, the written words that come from the subject of the biography himself. In some cases this takes the form of actual biographical narrative, autobiography. A man or woman assumes that no one can tell his own story so well as himself, and he tells it. We have two interesting specimens of this form of biography among the books listed below, the subjective narrative in which the Reverend W. J. Dawson unfolds

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the history of his inward struggles and spiritual development and the objective memoirs of Mr. S. Baring-Gould, setting a human figure in the midst of all sorts of shifting, varied, picturesque surroundings and so giving an external likeness of perhaps mainly an external soul. And it might be thought that such elaborate study by the subject himself might dispense with any further labor of the biographer, that after the "Confessions" the life of Rouseau need never be written by any one else. In reality, profoundly interesting as autobiography is, it only adds to the interest of biography written from without. The biographer finds in self-confession his richest material. But here, as with the testimony of other witnesses, he has to analyze, to sift, to distinguish, and a man is often as unreliable and as easily misled and deluded in regard to his own past history and his own soul as in regard to others. It is a task of ravishing fascination and complexity to disentangle a soul from the misconceptions and the misinterpretations and the illusions that beset it.

Among the various qualifications for biography one that is too often neglected is style. As with history, a man is tempted to think that he can write a good life simply because he has a wide acquaintance with the facts. This is only the beginning. It is style that makes all books live that do live, style that makes poetry, that makes fiction, that makes drama. It is style and style alone, the form and quality of the words they utter, that makes the characters of Shakespeare the profoundest and loftiest creations of dramatic art. And the biographies that live are those in which the material is fused, transfigured, glorified by the imaginative intellect of the artist, working with the instrument which we call style. This it is that has made the instant success and the enduring appeal of the biographical studies of Mr. Strachey.

* * *

In connection with the elements necessary to biographical success, it may be well to point out a few of the pitfalls and dangers to which the biographer is liable and from which the best are seldom able to escape altogether. One of these dangers is gossip, the accumulation of little touches and insignificant anecdotes, amusing in themselves, but not really helping to illuminate the central figure and so distracting from it. The difficulty here is to distinguish, since it is oftentimes in little touches that the greatest value lies. Sainte-Beuve says, with admirable justice, *rien ne vit que par le détail*. The profoundest and most general truth about a character may emerge from little details of daily life, minor anecdotes of eating and sleeping and spending and laughing and lying. It rests with the biographer to see at once what is significant for him and what is not. There may be incidents of considerable dramatic value and effect in themselves which he will reject because they really tell him nothing about his subject, and again he may turn to some casual happening of daily life which serves to fix a trait by an enduring word. There is no greater mark of the unskilled biographer than to be led off into tempting sidepaths of wit and story-telling which in the end only weary the reader because they distract him.

Another serious biographical danger is that of excessive background. A zealous, faithful biographer gets his mind so saturated with the surroundings of his subject that the subject itself becomes indistinct and almost forgotten. This is apt to be the drawback to such monumental studies as are introduced by the treacherously suggestive title of "Life and Times." As was said of Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau," "Thoreau is occasionally mentioned in it." The classical example is Masson's "Life of Milton," in which the irritated reader sometimes thinks he cannot find Milton even occasionally mentioned. Of the books* listed below Mr. Minnegerode's brilliant studies are somewhat liable to this objection, and the autobiography of Rebekah Kohut is rather the picture of the life of Jews than of a Jewess, though perhaps it is none the less interesting on that account.

Still another biographical danger, somewhat akin to the preceding, is that of irrelevance. One would think that the task of depicting a human soul was in itself a sufficiently great one, without the addition of superfluous considerations. Often it is precisely because the task is so great that the biographer is led to dodge it and to write not so much about the person himself as about his various connections and implications. The error is eminently natural, because after all a man is not only a soul in the abstract, he is a statesman, or a priest, or an artist, or a scientist, or what not, and there is constant temptation to write about his statesmanship or his sermons or his pictures or his discoveries rather than about him. Sometimes there is deliberate purpose in this, as in the excellent series of "Roadmakers," published by Small, Maynard & Company, in which men and women are studied not primarily for themselves, but for their pioneering achievement in the progress of humanity. And again in Holt's "Writers of the Day" there is less an attempt to analyze the personalities of Shaw and Wells than to trace their literary development and their influence upon their generation. But the biographer who loves his art for itself will be peculiarly upon his guard against the seductive and fatal tendency to use his subject as a mere pretext for pushing some political, or philosophical, or æsthetic dogma or theory. More biographies have been spoiled by this sin than by any other because it is one especially liable to beset the biographer of genius.

It may be said generally that all the dangers I have been discussing are summed up in the one great danger of excessive length. Some of the most delightful and most popular biographies in the world are enormously long, and a large part of their charm seems to be connected with this very quality. Boswell's Johnson, Moore's Byron, Lockhart's Scott, and only recently Miss Lowell's Keats spread their ample continuity through volume after volume and the reader is grateful for all of it. The very abundance seems to create an atmosphere. One becomes saturated, permeated, with the spirit of Johnson, with that of Sir Walter, and an intensity of intimacy is produced which it seems as if nothing but length could supply. There will always be biographies of this order, and they will always be read and loved.

* * *

At the same time, it must be admitted that what we all of us demand more and more from every form of literature is brevity. It is doubtful whether there is any solution for the problem of the huge mass of print under which we are yearly being engulfed. No human intelligence is now adequate to extract what is of real worth from the pile of rubbish, still less to imagine any means by which the worth can be encouraged and the rubbish suppressed. But at least the only approach to a solution is a brevity. In other words, writers must learn more and more that it is their business to do the work instead of making the reader do it. Intense and constant thought must be given to compressing three volumes into one, a chapter into a paragraph, a paragraph into a sentence. And yet, all the time, the fatal facility of dictation and of the typewriter tends to foster garrulity and to make brevity a lost art.

So far as the matter of length and brevity in biography is concerned, I think there can be no question but that the former is much increased by the ordinary, normal biographical form of chronological narration. It is natural, almost inevitable, to tell a life-story from birth to death, and in doing it one is too easily led off to all sorts of side-issues, amplifications of one period or another which really mean little for spiritual finality but are intimately suggested by the movement of the narrative. I think we see the working of this chronological garrulity in the progression of Sainte-Beuve's biographical studies, for it was almost universal with him to follow a chronological method of procedure. In the earlier "Lundis" the studies are compact, rarely running to more than one, or at most, to two or three chapters. But with the passage of years the chronological process beguiled him into far greater length and generally with a diminution and dilution of interest, instead of a gain in it.

From the point of view of possible brevity I cannot but think there is profit in the modification of biographical method which I have ventured to call "psychography." It is not for a moment pretended that there is anything fundamentally original in this. There are no new literary procedures, and never again will be. But the psychographical process may be employed a little more thoughtfully and consistently than has hitherto been done. There are two main elements here. First, with regard to the use of material. In the chronological method, with its indolent, leisurely unfolding, there was always a temptation to introduce documents entire, for instance long letters, when perhaps two-thirds of them, or much more, had no particular bearing on the matter in hand. Sainte-Beuve constantly employs material in this way. With the pressure of brevity always in mind and the imperative need of using what illustrates character and that only, psychography selects from these elaborate documents the brief sentence or sentences that serve to bring out the point at issue, and uses the most cunning, patient thought to interweave those sentences into the main text in just the connection where they will have most significance. Always, you see, the writer endeavoring to do the reader's work.

But far more important for psychography than even the selection and use of material is the question of structure. The psychographer breaks away at once and entirely from the chronological sequence. His sole object is to present the personality of the character with which he is dealing. But character is a sum of qualities, that is of generalized habits of action, and therefore his business is to disentangle these qualities, to develop them, to illustrate them, and so to produce a total impression similar to what we gradually, instinctively, imperfectly extricate from our acquaintance with human personalities in real life. The art of the psychographer consists in distinguishing these qualities, in developing and emphasizing them according to their relative importance in the particular subject. It is just here that the absorbing interest of psychography—as a business—lies, and I may say that it is a perpetual revelation to find how nature herself, as it were, takes a hand, and seems to dictate the structure and composition of the psychograph, suggesting a new order, a new treatment, a new richness and splendor of development with every new subject that presents itself. Yet by always being aware that he is seeking only the essential and that the essential and nothing else is what he must choose and convey, the psychographer is nursed and encouraged in the pursuit of brevity, and brevity is, I think, not the least merit of the method of biography which he has chosen.

But whatever the method, and in all methods, there are two things chiefly notable about biography, first its lack of finality, second its charm. Human character is too evasive, too elusive ever to be finally portrayed by any one. Perhaps one element of the charm lies in this very thing, and if it were easy to limn souls, the process would lose its attraction. But, easy or difficult, the biographer's one object is to catch something of the fluidity, the mobility, the versatility of the human spirit. And thus biography is one of the most fascinating of all pursuits, for by it we are taken out of our own lives into another life which we find is after all very much our own. The pursuit, when it is skilfully carried on, is fascinating for the reader. But for the writer this close, absorbing, enthralling intimacy with another human spirit is the most delicate and delightful of all resources for eluding, if not for solving, the intricate, eternal puzzle of life.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts' jury of award, consisting of Mr. Henry W. Kent, Mr. Frederic G. Melcher, and Mr. Fred T. Singleton, has announced its selections of the "Fifty Books of 1925." These books will be on public exhibition at the Grolier Club (47 East 60th St., New York) from Friday, May 15 through Saturday, June 13. This is the third annual exhibition under similar title, the books being selected always, not for their literary content, but from the standpoint of their excellence of design and bookmaking. With the "Fifty Books of 1925" will be shown also a separate group of about a hundred recent French illustrated books, sent from Paris to the American Institute of Graphic Arts for exhibition in the United States. After closing at the Grolier Club, the "Fifty Books" will be sent to large cities throughout the United States.

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*LIVES AND TIMES. By Meade Minnegerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $3.50. EARLY REMINISCENCES. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. MY PORTION, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Rebekah Kohut. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MIND. By W. J. Dawson. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $2. BERNARD SHAW. By Edward Shanks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. H. G. WELLS. By Ivor Brown. The same. $1. QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Gwen John. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1925. SAMUEL BUTLER. By C. E. M. Joad. The same. WILLIAM HARVEY. By R. B. Hervey Wyatt. The same. LORD LISTER. By Cuthbert Dukes. The same. MICHAEL FARADAY. By Wilfred L. Randell. The same. MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. By Madeline Linford. The same.

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A New World

THE GRAND INQUISITOR. By DONALD DOUGLAS. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE power of this novel is cumulative; reversing the decline of interest usually shown toward a story of heightened imagination, this one, which first impresses the reader as derivative, suddenly narrows in intensity and widens in scope. By the time one reaches the end, one enjoys the sense of having entered, however dimly and despite what forfeits of narrative and characterization, into a new world.

It is fair to judge Mr. Douglas purely by his intentions and his results. With "The Grand Inquisitor," however, I think it is fair also to declare in passing how beset with difficulty the author's task has been; how necessary, in working deliberately on the grand scale, it has been to appear precise and articulate in denotation side by side with attempting to show, through connotation, giant aspects of thought and desire, of life and space and time. For what after all seems important, as well as conspicuous, about this book is its manner. Mr. Douglas has chosen to write large concerning the large; to expand through imagination rather than to contract through irony; to seek to approximate the magnitude of his subject-matter with a corresponding magnitude of framework and style, rather than to suggest it with contrasts, with microcosms groping in a macrocosm. Yet by placing his drama in the world of the imagination he has not abolished the world of fact; Mr. Douglas's world is not Dante's or Blake's. Instead he retains the restricted world we live in to rear above it a boundless superstructure into which his two tormented men enter, and in which they constantly live, no matter how much their feet be upon the earth.

To make such a world abstract and at the same time a world intended for the reader's comprehension, would not be possible; therefore it is colored by the images within the actors' brains, becoming a different world from that we know, yet a world palpable and substantial with symbols from the world we know—much as Plato conceived the earth full of symbols for men still unable to grasp life in the abstract. And in this world of Mr. Douglas's creation, his drama plays itself out. It begins, plainly enough, in the world of fact. It begins with John Graham, one of the two men-actors, murdering a prostitute. He has come to her because she alone gives him the thrill he cannot find in the secure, conventional world which he inhabits; she alone gives him some particle of plumbed and intense life unobtainable in the world of order. Because of this murder he moves into a new life, haunted by the image of the Grand Inquisitor, the man in the dirty dressing gown who saw the murder. In this new chaotic life where thoughts and desires have burst the shell of conformity, this vast and unmoral world of individual and eternal values, the man is always with him; in the inquisitor's words, they have become one substance. To kill him with a pistol that his image may be only a memory, is not to be rid of him. Like one who has seen God, John Graham cannot reestablish himself in the world of order; and the inquisitor, by a bullet, cannot die.

The second man, Angus Gordon, is Graham's cousin; and his drama devolves from an inability to find orientation or calm in this vaster world, where he is far better at home than Graham. Through the tyranny exerted over him of a woman who went off with another man, he is prevented from finding repose or fulfilment in the love of a woman who stays, to give herself; and when the first woman returns, her power, by that very act, snaps. Cool and clear-sighted at the core of his passion, Angus ends his erring and perturbation in this absolute world through what means brought Graham into it, through murder, through strangling the woman that might hold him in her power. Thus these two men draw a kind of circumference about the imagined world they stalk.

This projecting life into the huge sphere it seems to fill for those who live it, proves in conception at least, I think, an enlargement and advance in the modern novel. It contains, to be sure, derivative matter, and every stroke is not unassailably right. But to dismiss it as a psychological phantasy, or to believe that it lacks importance because it shows strongly the influence of D. H. Lawrence, is pretty truthless and superficial. Much of it naturally takes the trend of psycho-analysis; but this is common property of our generation, and apart from whatever vision and intensity the story possesses. And though over and over again Lawrence is suggested, in style by sentences (I quote a brief one) like "He was ringed by fire and in fire invincible," and in substance by considering sex and self beyond their normal manifestations in a normal world, Mr. Douglas's ultimate aims are his own. "The Grand Inquisitor" is no congeries of sexual aberrations, problems, experiments—indeed, its two men are sexually normal; it stands out in final contours as a picture of self-search and self-development, of dissent if not of defiance, against the existing world. It puts man in a sphere of larger mind and emotions, in that intense sphere where, social considerations having been effaced, man still is not free from the inquisitor of Self.

Pathos Versus Tragedy

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $2.

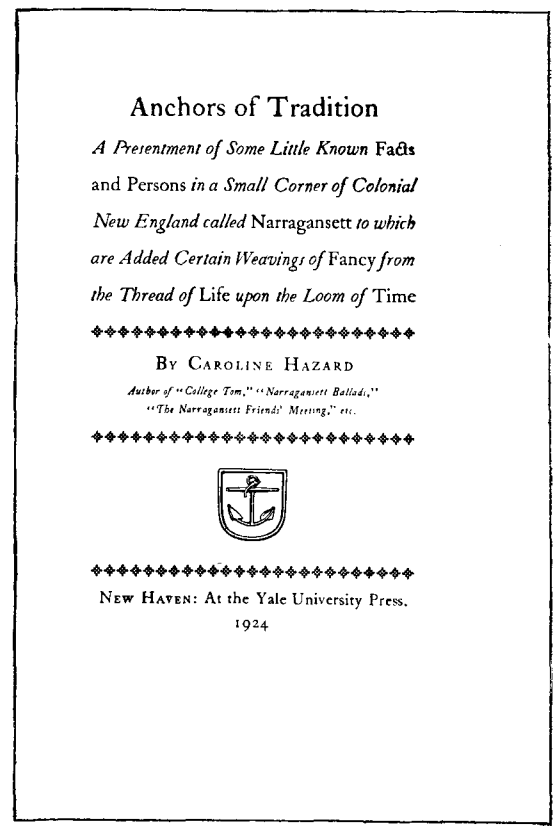
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MRS. WHARTON has chosen a Greek theme for her latest novel, but she has not chosen to be Greek in her handling of it. The theme is tragic but the book is not. That a woman who has fled from a stifling husband, leaving her baby daughter behind her, should, a score of years later, let this daughter marry her mother's lover without a word, is a situation so pregnant with disaster that only a search for Nemesis would seem to justify its choice. Mrs. Wharton has not been concerned with Nemesis, nor with the fate of Anne, the lovely daughter. It is the mother, such a luxurious protegée of society as Lily Bart, who has caught her imagination. The pathos of a woman returning to the maternal relation and not daring to shatter its sweet renewals by asserting the past is her goal. Adroitly as ever, she depicts with a mingled irony and affection the social scene in those coasts of Europe where live the castaways, and the fatted New York to which the mother returns at the daughter's call. A European wanderer, a runaway from a husband and a lover, the mistress of Chris Fenno, an artist who deserts her only fatally to reappear, her blighted life flowers again in a sudden, passionate love for her Anne. She is afraid that her new love will be lost; she does not tell her daughter that she has been Fenno's mistress because her daughter loves him; she does penance by a rather futile sacrifice of a new marriage for herself—and drifts back to Europe of the castaways.

Mrs. Kate Clephane is pathetic. The tension of her mingled love and horror is great and Mrs. Wharton, in the scenes that spring from the situation, could not fail to be aroused to poignancy and force. But pathos is not enough for such a plot; it leaves us cold and a little scornful at the end of the novel, which is inevitably the beginning of a double tragedy—the mother's and the daughter's. It is a Greek play minus the fifth act, and with a most un-Sophoclean willingness to be sorry for the protagonist because her will was weak. Kate Clephane was a moral coward, whose instincts, even, fail her at the moment when she sees her lover in her daughter's arms and cannot give voice to her jealousy. The pity one feels for Mrs. Clephane is clouded by distress and disbelief.

Mrs. Wharton has been led by her own sympathy for an unfortunate woman to mistake the true values of her theme. It is not a vehicle for sentiment; it strikes too violently upon the emotions of readers and of the actors in the story. It demands an inexorable working out. When Conrad was accused of deliberately making the end of "The Planter of Malatta" unhappy, he replied that to one who understood his characters a happy ending was inconceivable. Anything but tragedy is unbelievable in "The Mother's Recompense" as Mrs. Wharton has plotted it, yet while her conclusion is not happy, it gives a makeshift illusion of permanence in compromise.

Many will be moved by the interest of the plot and the poignancy of certain scenes in this novel. As narrative it has its high merits. But as a novel it must disappoint Mrs. Wharton's admirers because she has chosen a subject beyond the powers of all but a few of our contemporaries, though not beyond her own, and has not wished to lift her story to meet its implications. Her imagination has been more tragic than her will.


Anchors of Tradition
A Presentment of Some Little Known Facts
and Persons in a Small Corner of Colonial
New England called Narragansett to which
are Added Certain Weavings of Fancy from
the Thread of Life upon the Loom of Time
By Caroline Hazard
Author of "College Tom," "Narragansett Ballads,"
"The Narragansett Friends' Meeting," etc.
New Haven: At the Yale University Press.
1924

"Anchors of Tradition," awarded the medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts in its selection of "Fifty Books of the Year," was designed by Carl Purington Rollins.

The Divorce Mill

THE BISHOP'S GRANDDAUGHTER. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by EDNA KENTON

JACKET covers are traps for the credulous, and sometimes they furnish texts for the curious, none more so than the gold and purple affair which enfolds Robert Grant's "The Bishop's Granddaughter." The reader who begins this novel in the faith and hope that it is a satiric "novel of divorce" is likely to find himself tolerably baffled in his search for the "quick" in the dead, at loss before the unreality of the English Bishop's shock as he listens to his American granddaughter's musings over her projected divorce; at loss likewise before her lack of criminality as she forecasts it. For satire, more than seriousness, must have something to strike at that is neither shadow nor sawdust, and Judge Grant incurs the fair charge of not having sufficiently built up his subject. It doesn't stand up to be fought with; it sags against a wall, to be pelted.

Back in the 18th century, when Mary Wollstonecraft published her ineffably bad little fiction, "Wrongs of Woman, or, Maria," her heroine shocked the reading world with her stated conviction: "I am far from thinking that a woman once married ought to consider the engagement as indissoluble, in case her husband merits neither her love nor her esteem." Those were Luciferic words in 1797; they started a whole new "school" of novels on divorce and marriage, among them many "satires." Conviction was virile, and the reactions to its truth or its criminality were virile also.

Today the Bishop's granddaughter, with a half-million divorces slipped under the bridge of one hundred and twenty-five years, says the same thing, minus the 18th century polish, of her own modern case: "Shall we stick it out, or shall we break away?—that's the question. Because there's not the slightest doubt that we're misfits. We could continue to bump along, but from the point of view of what we expected our marriage is a joke." The good Bishop's uncompromising attitude would have been admirably militiant once; replying to Maria's heresy in 1797, he would have seemed a man of God fighting sincerely with a devil. Today the Bishop's granddaughter seems ailing not nearly so much from criminality or folly or conviction as from a lack of courage of conviction; and the Bishop, instead of bearing himself like a soldier of Heaven, presents the uninspiring spectacle of a good man sinking under an attack of infantilism.

When the Bishop of Stotesbury fares across the Atlantic to visit a daughter he has not seen for many years, he is slightly troubled over the divorce question in America, for his child has but recently contracted a marriage with her deceased husband's brother. But when he meets on board Mrs. Emma-

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line Treadway, editor of the mighty *Hearth and Home*, who commits him all subtly to writing an article on divorce for her enterprising periodical, he sinks into a state of mind over a proposed Federal Marriage and Divorce Bill from which he never comes out. It began to look just here as if the author had really found his subject for satire, the "editorial policy" of the great American magazine. But the chance was missed; it turned into fodder merely for the divorce mill at which he grinds steadily without ever producing enough flour for bread to feed his subject and make it strong. We never know what Angela's problem with her husband really is, and so we are in doubt whether to laugh with her or with the Bishop. We never know, really know, the truth of the variegated matrimonial problems of Angela's charming sister-in-law, and so have no means of deciding whether she is a bold-faced jade or simply an honest woman seriously utilizing the opportunities her age affords for the pursuit of happiness. We are sure of just two things: that the Bishop is, in his granddaughter's vernacular, "an old dear," but no more an instrument for or a subject of satire than a young baby; and that, given the American as he is, a Federal Marriage and Divorce Bill would be merely another patch of misapplied logic on the odd fabric of the American Scene.

Ancient Spain

SPANISH SUNSHINE. By ELEANOR ELSNER. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $4.

A PILGRIM IN SPAIN. By AUBREY F. G. BELL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by GEORGIANA GODDARD KING
Bryn Mawr College

MRS. ELSNER'S book is in no sense literature; it is simply the talk of a well-bred woman. Therefore the reader, content to sit back and appreciate her impressions, is indifferent to laxity in style, that in another might be called slip-shod, because it is due not to ignorance but to the syncopations and incoherences of spoken discourse; and in the same way to a good many conspicuous errors of fact, easily rectified by appeal to any guide-book. These range from palpable misprints, and equally palpable mistakes in hearing or transcribing names or anecdotes, to serious confusion like sending Velasquez to study in the Low Countries or locating Manila in South America. But to offset this, the author has understood how to use her eyes in passing down a city street, how to converse with country-folk when thrown upon their hospitality over-night, and, still in the attitude of the amiable and cultivated Englishwoman, to supply to the inquirer addresses for shops and recipes for dishes, with the names of streets and localities where things may be seen worth going for. Presently out of agreeable narrative emerges a special sensitiveness, to humanity, to the ancient past, to visible beauty, which one would not spare for a wilderness of exactitude. The photographs show the same sensitiveness always, and quite extraordinary beauty in eight or ten cases, just where the commercial sort breaks down: the frontispiece with some of the other street scenes, the gardens of the Alcazar and the Escorial, are precisely the sort of thing that others have dreamed of but hardly attained; the last of all is poignantly romantic.

Aubrey Bell has been content to put up with the photographs of a news agency, and in like manner to leave his text in the form which suited an English newspaper, or that into which it fell on the pages of his notebook. That is, of course, his right, if he likes, the more certainly because he once wrote a very exquisite and perfect book on Spain, a good many years ago. But why the separate passages should be juxtaposed regardless of geography or logic, as though a loose-leaf note-book had come to pieces, or why the convenient convention of the paragraph should be for the most part disused, and then reappear inexplicably, the reader questions in some annoyance. Indubitably, as the Introduction says, the best way to see Spain is to walk, not to spring like a grasshopper across the map and back again.

Beauty of description and sincerity of interpretation are here, a frank and unsentimental love of the country especially to be prized in something so well suited to be an intending traveler's first book on Spain. Bull-fights are discussed with the coolness of the English, inured to fox-hunting and shooting-parties; the sad conditions in a mountain region of the south-west, Las Hurdes (comparable in many ways to our own Kentucky and Tennessee mountains) are analyzed, and remedies suggested, with rather surprising modernity. The remedy which seems most likely, to the seasoned Englishman, is to turn the mountains into a tourist resort!

The ultimate and absolute value, however, of a book which on the whole in form and presentation disappoints the experienced reader's just expectations, lies in the real understanding and advocacy of the Spanish character, and in the vivid sense it affords, on every page, of an hour or a season memorable for some special aspect of sky or scene, the strong color, the sense of sounds and odors, the whole unforgettable ambience which, for those who know the land, is Spain.

Credo of a Musical Critic

A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY. By ERNEST NEWMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by CARL VAN VECHTEN

OF all the authors who have devoted their lives to writing about music—and I am not forgetting Hector Berlioz—I find Ernest Newman the most fascinating to read. He has never penned a line that failed either to amuse or interest me, even when I have disagreed violently with his expressed opinions. "A Musical Critic's Holiday" is assuredly his most fascinating book; I devoured it, indeed, as it is my habit to devour novels that entertain me, at a single sitting.

The title, perhaps, will suggest erroneous connotations to the uninitiated, but it is readily explained by the scheme of the book. Mr. Newman escapes from his professional duties in London to visit a country house on the border of a lake. His host's library is rich in volumes dealing with music. Mr. Newman, with commendable enthusiasm, seizes this opportunity to perpend the problems of the music critic. This book is the result of this vacational research.

At some time or other in his career every critic is moved to similarly examine his critical standards, but he infrequently goes to the length of writing a book on the subject; ordinarily he is satisfied to unburden himself in an article, often a vague and doubting article at that, for when the average critic questions himself regarding his true faith he begins to harbor doubts and fears. Was he right on this occasion, was he wrong on that? Are his whole critical criteria liable to fluctuation and transmutation?

Mr. Newman's book is refreshingly free from this kind of dubiety. He is clear-thinking, logical—sometimes too consistently logical to see the whole truth when he is tracking a theory to its ultimate lair—cold—save when he writes of one of his special favorites—extraordinarily erudite, always on guard against factitious influences; more than all he is a brilliant writer with a sense of humor. This last quality rescues him from many a pitfall into which another less wary writer might have fallen.

His thesis on this occasion is that, despite much contradictory legendary evidence, great musicians have never been neglected during their lifetimes; that it is an error to believe that the composers who have endured are the composers who were most excoriated while they were living. On the contrary, he avers, they were the most appreciated by the real music-lovers of their respective eras. This assumption, he continues, offers a contemporary critic a suitable basis for judgment. Further, he asserts, with some justification, that the present period has many points of resemblance with the period of transition around 1600, and from this hypothesis he draws the conclusion that music which breaks completely with tradition is never great music. It is only, he adds, the mediocre fellow who makes radical experiments. The genius, the man of true inspiration, has too much to say to try to say it in too novel a manner. This theory, which I believe to be as reasonably sound as any consistent theory can be, is promulgated elaborately and logically through 330 pages, and the cases of Monteverdi, Wagner, and Hugo Wolf, as typical examples of composers allegedly unappreciated by their coevals, are studied with some thoroughness.

If not always convincing, Mr. Newman is exceedingly persuasive, and invariably readable and entertaining. There are, however, certain flaws to be discerned in his argument. He states categorically, for instance, that geniuses are to a large extent reactionary. How then account for Claude-Achille Debussy, whose music certainly bears little relation to that of his predecessors? He was a sport. "Pelléas et Mélisande" had no ancestors. Apparently it is to have no worthy descendants. And how reconcile the dictum that geniuses are reactionary with Mr. Newman's later statement that the future of music is always unpredictable because one can never tell from what soil the new genius will take root?

On the other hand, I fancy Mr. Newman makes a sound point when he asseverates that contemporary criticism is perfectly able to assess such a man as Arnold Schoenberg at his true value. Schoenberg's music has long been available in scores and it has frequently been performed during the past ten years, and yet to this day this music has made comparatively little effect, except as an exercise in the eristical art, on either critics or public. Mr. Newman offers abundant evidence to prove that such neglect has been shown to no genius in the history of music from Monteverdi to the present, with the exception of Bach and Hugo Wolf. He submits adequate reasons to explain the case of Bach, less adequate in the case of Wolf. Mr. Newman's assertion that sopranos and tenors will not buy Wolf's songs merely because they are published in collections rather than singly is hardly to be credited. Many Negro spirituals which have not been published at all are frequently performed in public.

* * *

Nevertheless, Mr. Newman succeeds pretty generally in disposing of the legend of the unrecognized genius, but when he asserts that five hundred representative critics and music-lovers of any age would be able to agree on the great composers of that age, he is treading more dangerous ground. Who are these five hundred representative critics and music-lovers? It must be admitted that the makeup of this body would foretell pretty certainly the quality of their decision. Is Mr. Newman to challenge the jury or Mr. Finck? Mr. Finck will surely stand out against any prospective member of this body who harbors a prejudice against Massenet, Grieg, or MacDowell, while Mr. Newman is likely to refuse admission to any one who does not admire Sir Edward Elgar and Hugo Wolf. Curiously enough, the two, and almost everybody else, would agree on Stravinsky, bearing in mind l'Oiseau de Feu, Petrouchka, and Sacre du Printemps, although it has been almost universally decreed that his later music is pretty poor stuff. But where would the verdict of the five hundred place Richard Strauss? Mr. Newman himself has been an ardent admirer of Strauss's genius (Mr. Finck once wrote a book about Strauss's lack of genius). I feel, however, that Mr. Newman's faith is wavering in this direction. The references to Strauss in "A Musical Critic's Holiday" are brief and not indicative of fervid appreciation. Is it possible that this master of the sonorous will turn out to be only another Liszt?

My final words are really beside the point, for Mr. Newman, confessedly, is only dealing with ultimate critical values, and I suppose it is the critic's business to attempt to discover the enduring in art. There are many of us, however, who sometimes betray a preference for the transitory, the charming byways in music which lead nowhere, but give us a few moments of intense pleasure. Can it be possible that Mr. Newman proclaims himself a member of this exceedingly human class by confessing his extravagant admiration for Sir Edward Elgar and Hugo Wolf?

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 43.
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The Newest Psychology

THE GROWTH OF THE MIND. An Introduction to Child-Psychology. By KURT KOFFKA. Translated by ROBERT MORRIS OGDEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. $4.50

THE MENTALITY OF APES. With an Appendix on the Psychology of Chimpanzees. By WOLFGANG KOHLER. Translated by ELLA WINTER. The same.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

THE United States is at present enjoying a benign invasion from Central Europe in the persons of Wolfgang Köhler of the University of Berlin, and Kurt Koffka of the University of Giessen, the former being a visiting professor of psychology at Clark University, and the latter at Cornell. These two men together with Max Werstheimer, also of Berlin, are the leading representatives of the movement among the younger German psychologists which is known as the *Gestalt* School, and which promises to revolutionize this most recent and as yet most unstable of sciences. At a time when American students and the American public are having the opportunity of hearing their lectures, it is most fortunate that the blessed art of translation should have made it possible for the unlearned to read their published works. The two volumes, furthermore, are complementary as well as complimentary to one another; Professor Köhler's being descriptive and concrete within a limited field, while Professor Koffka's is more comprehensive and theoretical.

The historic spring of 1914, in which the attention of most Europeans and Americans was focussed on marching armies, and in which the gentler art of pure science was everywhere yielding to the rough exigencies and passions of war, found Professor Köhler patiently and dispassionately observing the behavior of nine chimpanzees at the experiment station maintained by the Prussian Academy of Science on the island of Teneriffe. Hither he had come in 1913, and here he perforce remained until the close of the war,—marooned but well-employed. The present volume is a record of his observations and of the views of anthropoid intelligence to which they led him.

No one can doubt Professor Köhler's "feeling" for animals. He is not merely an accurate and painstaking observer, but possesses at the same time that sympathy for living creatures which reveals their springs of action. He possesses what in the application to man we should call "humanity," and for which in this wider application we are much in need of a name ("philozoöism," "beastarianism," "mammality," "animality," are possibilities,—but none of them has as yet acquired precisely the desired nuance). Through possessing this gift Professor Köhler is enabled to introduce his readers into a new circle of perfectly distinct individuals—the brilliant and egoistic Sultan, the powerful but indolent Tschego, the acrobatic Chica, the temperamental, teasing, but fundamentally amiable Grande, poor, good, stupid Rana, despised by the rest, and Nueva, whose "ugliness was completely offset by a nature so mild and friendly, of such naïve confidence and quiet clarity as never fell to our lot to meet with in a chimpanzee before or after." Who would not like to know these people better, or to attend one of their fancy-dress balls, when draped in string and pieces of rag, or carrying empty tin cans in their teeth, they goose-step around in a circle, feeling, as the author suggests, "richer and more stately" because of that which "moves with their bodies"? The chimpanzee is indeed a highly socialized animal. He not only thus amuses himself collectively, but complains at being separated from his companions, is affected by their sufferings, shares his food with them (*sometimes!*), is subject to the effects of mob-psychology, forms friendships of varying degress of intimacy, expresses and communicates his emotions, and (except for lack of speech, laughter, and tears) conducts himself in a manner strikingly suggestive of that nobler creature who is sometimes thought to be descended from the same family.

Professor Köhler's observations were not only sympathetic, but also methodical. His experiments consisted in a series of problems of progressive difficulty, designed to test the limits of intelligence. The problem to be solved was achievement of an objective (which with chimpanzees appears to mean banana) by some roundabout method, direct access to it being blocked. In this respect Professor Köhler's technique resembles that of Yerkes, Thorndike, Hobhouse, and the other American and English investigators who preceded him in the field of animal psychology. But while according to the usual results of these earlier studies the solution was first hit upon by chance and progressively mastered by force of habit, according to Professor Köhler's observations the solution is arrived at once and for all, by a sudden "insight." Professor Yerkes had already observed this type of behavior in an orang-utan in California in 1915, and published his observations in 1916 in his "Mental Life of Monkeys and Apes." That this mode of behavior has not been more frequently noted is due, Professor Köhler thinks, to the wholly artificial situation which the experimenter has usually created. Mazes and puzzle-boxes are not characteristic of the animal's natural environment, and there is no more reason to expect the animal to cope with them, than there is to suppose that a man in a strange hotel confronted by a row of electric buttons should know which one to press in order to obtain breakfast. In the one case as in the other a solution is bound to be the result of chance rather than of intelligence.

A genuine test of intelligence is provided only by a situation in which the factors of the solution are familiar and visibly present. Intelligence or "insight" will then consist in the capacity to see the relations of these factors to the objective or end-result. Thus a banana is placed *beyond* reach, and sticks are placed *within* reach. Tschego knows something about reaching for food, and something abount handling sticks. She solves her problem when she sees the two in connection, or sees the stick as something-to-reach-with. She does not act aimlessly, but having failed to obtain the banana by the more direct means, she becomes quiescent for a time, until egged on by appetite and the approach of other animals to the coveted food, she suddenly "leaps to her feet, seizes a stick, quite adroitly, pulls the bananas till they are within reach." This is a relatively simple problem. One or more of the nine proved capable of meeting much severer tests, such as using a shorter stick to reach for a longer stick, with which in turn to reach for the bananas; making and using a longer stick by fitting together two hollow tubes; stacking boxes to reach a banana suspended from the ceiling; pushing a banana away in order to be able to reach it from another side; and even going to another room to fetch a stick or ladder which has been previously seen but which is now invisible. Such problems as these, solved with greater or less difficulty and by one or more individuals, serve to define the *kind of problem* which the chimpanzee is capable of solving; and show him, in the author's judgment, to possess genuine insight, although limited to certain relatively simple relationships within the field of immediately visible or recently experienced objects.

Professor Köhler does not pretend in the present book to advance any positive theory of intelligence, but only to show that such behavior as he has observed *cannot* be accounted for either in terms of instinct, because the situations are too novel and various; or in terms of trial and error, because the solutions come too suddenly; or in terms of imitation, because the animal has never seen it done. There remains only one alternative, which is to suppose that chimpanzees, like humans, sometimes "see the point."

Professor Koffka's book supplies the missing theory, which Professor Köhler, likewise, has developed in his other writings. This is the famous *Gestalt* theory, for which the present approved translation is "configuration." Although "The Growth of Mind" purports to be "An Introduction to Child Psychology," and does deal with the topics appropriate to that subject, its value lies rather in its being an illustration and vindication of a new psychological standpoint. The *Gestalt* theory, like many theories, is more explicit in its polemic than in its positive thesis. It is directed against that English tradition in psychology, of which Nietzsche has said that it looks for the governing principle of mind "in that precise quarter where the intellectual self-respect of the race would be most reluctant to find it," in other words, "in the *vis inertiæ* of habit, or in forgetfulness, or in a blind and fortuitous mechanism and association of ideas, or in some factor that is purely passive, reflex, molecular, or fundamentally stupid." The new theory, in short, repudiates the explanation of mind in terms of a combination of elements, whether sensations or reflexes or brain paths.

There is in both of these books a freshness of treatment, and an inventiveness and fertility of method that produce an effect very much like the opening of a window. But the theory is as yet on what might be called a war-footing. It enjoys the *esprit* of an armed revolution,—against sensationalism, against associationism, against mechanism, against behaviorism, against authority and tradition generally. When it settles down to live peaceably with its neighbors two things will probably happen. In the first place, its exponents will find that they must further elaborate their positive explanation, and they will then doubtless be dissatisfied with their present vocabulary and figures of speech. In the second place, they will doubtless find that their old enemies are not so wholly bad after all. They will find it particularly hard to resist a friendly alliance with the behaviorists, with whom they are at one in their attention to animal and other forms of comparative psychology, and in their conception of mind as a form of organic and adaptive response.

Rural Development

OUR RURAL HERITAGE: THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF RURAL DEVELOPMENT. By JAMES MICKEL WILLIAMS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $5.

KELSEY'S RURAL GUIDE. By DAVID STONE KELSEY. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. $9.50

Reviewed by the late HERBERT QUICK

EVIDENTLY "Our Rural Heritage" is a title adopted for convenience. The real name of this book is "The Social Psychology of Rural Development." Its author has already achieved a reputation through the publication of his "American Town," "Principles of Social Psychology," and "Foundations of Social Science." The work under consideration deals with rural beliefs and attitudes, or rural psychology, in the historical period ending, so far as a date may be fixed, about the year 1874. Williams conceives this to have been a period of individualism almost unadulterated. Two other periods are marked by the changes in rural life from 1874 to 1900, and from the latter date to the present. He believes that we have now passed from the individualistic period through a second phase following the great financial depression of 1873 (or as he says 1874), and into a third period which is marked by a tendency to abandon individualism for a policy of coöperation. He announces that he has completed a work dealing with the second and third periods entitled "The Expansion of Rural Life," which is merely the second part of the work under consideration.

"Social psychology," says he, "is now an accredited science." He may be correct in this, and still fail of a subject matter when he attempts to deal with rural social psychology. He sees in economic determination the formative and controlling, and one may surmise, the sole force in the development of a psychology. As accounting for the beliefs and attitudes of the rural population, he says:

> The conditions repeatedly cited as essential in the determining of distinctively rural attitudes are: the uncertainty of the fruition of crops due to the uncertainty of the weather; the close contact of the farmer with nature and his constant exposure to uncertain weather; his isolation; his independence due to ownership of means of production; the confining nature of his occupation; the necessity of constant action, often of excessive exertion.

These things, and many others which he might have mentioned, ought to affect attitudes and beliefs, and give us a somewhat different psychology in the country from that of the city. In fact, unless it does, there is no reason for this book and others which have been published, and loom before us in the future. Yet, after careful reading of the book one is impressed with the very meagre array of psychological reactions which differ to any extent from those we find in the same period in the cities. "Agricultural populations," he says, "have, until recently, been comparatively easy to handle politically." He accounts for this by the farmers' "weather attitudes," their absorption in their work, and their satisfaction with a mere living. But have they been any easier to handle than city populations? I think not. His point that farmers have now abandoned the religious instruction of their children and

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thrown the whole burden of education on the schools, is weakened by the fact that this, too, is an almost universal phenomenon. It is not rural. Self-indulgence of rural children is spreading, and the discipline of children is more difficult. Exactly as in the cities. The children of immigrants feel superior to their parents, and the "conventional family" of Europe tends to be changed into the individualistic American family: yes, in city and country. In fact so rapid has been the change in our world from generation to generation that in all progressive communities the respect formerly given to old people because of their wisdom now is largely lost to them because of their comparative ignorance of new things. The new generations have been for a century or so superior to the old in knowledge. This is no more true in the country than in the city.

In this first period of rural life the farmer was obsessed, as this author points out, with the idea that each man's success depended upon himself, "and he has with great reluctance been brought to admit that outside circumstances may affect the farmer's prosperity, for instance, low prices of farm products, monopoly resulting in high priced farm machinery, or a corrupt government resulting in excessive taxes." But this was, and largely still is, the generally-accepted American philosophy. It is not a rural belief or attitude at all. It has merely been shared by rural people.

"The average farmer," our author remarks, "did not have the character of a mystic. He was too active and practical. Religion was for him a matter of certain necessary beliefs and practices rather than a personal, mystic relation to the deity." This statement in a work on rural psychology is almost absurd. It is a matter of general human psychology. "The old phrase 'going to meeting' that was used instead of 'going to church' signified this function of church attendance as a meeting of the families of the community." I submit that the phrase quoted is purely historical and relates back to the days when there was a basic distinction between the church and the meeting-house. It has no such psychological connotation as is given.

"The farmer lacked the power of reflection required for good judgment," says the author. "His main interest was in getting things done. This made him narrow-minded and averse to considering another's point of view. In directing the work of the family his attitude was 'I won't argue the point. Go ahead and do as I direct.'" All this is true; but it is true of men who directed others in city then and is still the rule everywhere. There is nothing rural about it.

I might multiply instances of this sort from the book. Most of the tests of rural psychology given fail just because they are not distinctively rural. Its author realizes this fact to some extent at least; for he says:

> Wherefore, in reading this book, the reader, especially when he comes to analyses that seem to discredit the rural population, if he is in sympathy with that population will say, "But isn't this just as true of city people?" It may be. While there are distinctively rural attitudes, there are others which are not so distinctive.

So he gives us a whole volume ostensibly on rural psychology, nine-tenths of which I estimate is not rural at all. This seems to the writer a fundamental weakness of the book. The first question which occurs to one is "Is there such a thing as a rural psychology?" I think there is; but it is confined to a few reactions. A book which does not confine itself in the main to these reactions is like a treatise on a horse which devotes most of its space to observations on the fact that the animal has limbs, a body, hair, senses, a circulatory system, and mechanism for breathing air.

The method pursued is easier; but it fails in its object. The really valuable treatise on rural psychology of the historical period covered in "Our Rural Heritage" would be most difficult to write. Living witnesses are largely passed away. Witnesses once removed tell what they prefer to remember. Dr. Williams depends a good deal on a group of old people whom he had the privilege of knowing in Central New York. If one may presume to judge whose personal contacts have been numerous with people reared on farms in that region whose lives run back as far as 1803, the group with whom Dr. Williams worked were very narrowly representative, and as a source of light on the general rural psychology of the time and place, the book is unintentionally misleading because it has look to so few people for its data. After all, documents are about the only safe source of data for things which occurred so long ago.

The book is an ambitious attempt to do a very difficult thing. It is far from successful. Its author would be the first to admit that he has covered a very narrow field; but I feel that owing to a faulty method he has not done as much as may reasonably be required of him. He very correctly assumes that there are great differences in the attitudes and beliefs of different communities. The territory dealt with is small; but his statements are surprisingly sweeping. He realizes the need of the labors of many minds if the field is to be covered. But he fails to show that there is any such thing as a rural psychology which can be set off from the urban and satisfactorily treated. That it would seem is the first thing to be determined. He assumes it only. He correctly estimates the similarity of rural beliefs and attitudes to those of the villages, towns, and cities; and he goes too far, it seems to me, in attributing it to the influence of rural environment on individuals and families who have migrated from the farms. This influence of the farms on our whole population he terms "our rural heritage." I hope I may be permitted the suggestion that the real psychological influence to be studied for its effects on America is not the rural as distinguished from the urban, but the psychology of the frontier set over against that of the older settlements. But that is quite another story.

* * *

I commend to the people for whom it is written "Kelsey's Rural Guide." It purports to be "A practical handbook for the farmer, Granger, suburbanist, all town folk who enjoy out-door life and hope for a rural home." It is cheerful, optimistic, and practical. It sees a far brighter future for farming that I can visualize; but that is nothing against it. In its nearly 300 pages are sixty short, unrelated chapters. No effort has been made to make it anything more than suggestive. There is much good, practical farm gospel in it. While its application is mainly to New England and the East, as is to be expected from a former editor of the *Connecticut Farmer*, it will be found interesting and useful to those everywhere who see in rural life a release from the city of which they are weary. If its author had been more familiar with farm life in the midwest he would probably have seen the need of warning against the swollen land values which prevail there; but his advice as to farm prices and the desirability of taking skilled counsel before buying is sound anywhere. His conception of the Grange as the great thing in farm organization is rather provincial; and his failure to emphasize the necessity of coöperation in selling as well as buying leads one to doubt whether he has grasped the real problems at the base of farm life. But many of the practical problems he has mastered, and the book is to be trusted on these points. Its spirit is eminently helpful, practical, and encouraging.

With the death of Herbert Quick on May 11, there passed a figure which in recent years had come to hold an impressive position in American life. Mr. Quick, whose active career touched on many matters of public importance, started work as a school teacher in Iowa, passed from teaching to a successful law practice, later became a business man, prosecutor of boodlers, and eventually Mayor of Sioux City. From 1906-1919 he was editor of *Farm and Fireside*, and the next three years he spent as a member of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau in Washington. In 1920 as Chairman of the Red Cross Commission in charge of affairs in the Far East he superintended the closing of Red Cross operations in Siberia.

It was, however, as a novelist, and not as the valuable public servant and writer of extensively read books on rural economy, that Mr. Quick was most widely known to his countrymen. His trilogy of mid-western novels, "Vandemark's Folly," "The Hawkeye," and "The Invisible Woman" established his reputation as a writer of importance. In them Iowa in its pioneer days and its later developments lived again with a fidelity to the spirit of the times portrayed and a vividness of characterization that made of Mr. Quick's fiction not only literature but social history. As citizen, writer, and man whose lovable qualities enhanced his many abilities, Herbert Quick was a personality his country could ill afford to lose.

Amy Lowell, 1874-1925

By William Rose Benét

THE shock of the sudden death of Amy Lowell still numbs the hearts of her friends. But it has thrust home the realization of her greatness. In less than fifteen years she produced a body of work to which she set the impressive seal in her recent two-volume life of Keats. Her poetry now remains to us in many volumes, rich in variegated color, remarkable in variety of rhythm, superb in vigor and originality. Two books of appreciation and criticism of French and American poets illustrate her keen critical faculty and her absorbing interest in her contemporary craftsmen both here and abroad. The Keats demonstrates her power of penetration into the soul of the literature of the ages, the thoroughness of her knowledge of the past, her keenly discriminating faculty of appreciation of one great literary age in terms of another.

It was Amy Lowell's thorough familiarity with the world's heritage of great English literature, coupled with the powerful originality of her creative imagination, that enabled her to pioneer successfully and advance the frontiers of poetry. Her work enlarges the estates of the Muses. She cast new material into new moulds. Her avid intelligence seized upon the pictorial world about her and the great store of untouched myth and legend in the past and created out of it every kind of poetry, from the briefest fragments of vivid observation to the most elaborate orchestration of glowing romance and grotesque myth. She touched the austere and delicate beauty of New England with new magic, wrought startlingly in the *macabre*, dramatically in dialect, made banners crackle, armor clank, and satins rustle audibly from the "storied past." She ransacked all epochs. She adapted from the Chinese and Japanese. She ran the gamut of onomatopoeia, adventured in every possible effect of rhythm, and created many new patterns of verse. She spread her palette with rainbow-color, and juxtaposed hue and hue with spectacular brilliance.

Such generalizations about her work rise immediately to the mind of one who always rejoiced in her extraordinary versatility, in the gusto of her achievement as a painter with words. Never has there been a practitioner of a craft more worthy of the title of artist. Fortunate enough to be able to devote her entire life to labor in a chosen domain of art, she made that labor unremitting. She concentrated every faculty upon what she conceived to be the most perfect expression of what she had to say. And beside this she devoted herself whole-heartedly to the advancement of an æsthetic standard.

In the period during which she championed certain new poetic theories she proved herself by far the intellecutal superior of the majority of her opponents, intrepid in her attack upon false values wherever she discovered them, a courageous foe of slackness and humbug. She restated forcibly and freshly eternal principles of art and was a tremendously energizing influence in contemporary poetry.

In what was to be her last work, she set herself an exhausting task of scholarship, for her mind was always on the march, ever contemplating the conquest of new territory. Even with the assistance of secretaries, the meticulous care, the assiduous research, the strenuous re-creative process that resulted in the world's definitive biography of Keats, were a heavy drain upon a constitution already undermined by illness. She brought her task to triumphant completion. Another age lived vividly in her pages. But its reconstruction had sapped her strength.

Amy Lowell was a firm friend and a frank opponent. Her feminine sensitiveness went masked by an almost masculine forthrightness, and beneath occasional abruptness and belligerency she concealed true and warm kindness of heart. She hated sham in every form, sham emotion, sham æsthetics, sham scholarship, sham opinions. She expressed herself forcibly but honestly. She was ever ready with aid and counsel for younger poets. She lived in a clean, clear world of the mind, rejoicing in the exercise of an unusual taste and an unusual intelligence. And yet she was also a dominating woman of the world with a natural executive and administrative gift that many men might have envied.

If to be American—aside from the thoroughly American lineage that was hers—should happen to

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mean to love spiritual freedom, to exercise inspired ingenuity, to constantly discriminate between code and mere convention, to exult in the abundant richness of life, to fight for an unpopular principle, to go intrepidly forward, surmounting obstacles in the search for new horizons, Amy Lowell was in her art a great American. Intensely cultivated, she was also properly eccentric (being possessed of genius) to the formal emptiness of much of the life around her. She gave and demanded constant mental stimulus. She shouldered the responsibilities of the artist, which may be other than the responsibilities of the average person, but are (what the average person rarely understands) every whit as onerous.

I admired and admire her because she always carried with her the zest of intellectual conflict; my affection goes out to her in memory because of many instances of graciousness. Benefactions of the spirit are difficult to render or acknowledge. And sometimes we were far enough from accepting each other's theories. Sometimes we were both belligerent. But I acknowledge many benefactions, of rapier-keen analysis, of priceless characterization, of sudden unexpected blunt bits of praise that dwell in the memory.

That high-hearted, straight gazing, often smilingly savage antagonist is gone. Private kindnesses in multitude she hid behind seeming truculence. In the immediate past one grieved to see her worn in constant service to her art, proceeding gallantly despite sickness and ill-health. She had achieved a shrewd philosophy, without sentimentality, but full of charity. The little, brittle bickering of the mere formalists and the pedants had long since impatiently been brushed aside. All that mattered was to continue to create at one's highest pitch.

And often, how courtly an antagonist! And, God, how she praised this world! Has the world, that often made such a cheap and silly mock of a few piquant eccentricities, any conception of how royally her burning view of its cities, seas, clouds, flowers, sunsets, of its history and lineage and legend,—repaid it? Well, her pictures have durable color. They will remain to stimulate the observation and inspire the technique of other generations. She knew the proper uses of her pen. She rode a high horse on the King's Highway of Art. A great lady, a great opponent, a great friend! Her head is still high, her spirit is still riding.

A Meditation on Straws

(*Continued from page* 769)

this one *is* actually an indication that people are turning more and more from the printed page to the badly reproduced photograph with an explanatory line. Is it not rather an indication that people who formerly could not read at all are beginning to spell out captions and gain some impression, at least, of the largeness of the world through a newspaper they can really understand?

And, again, the second straw. Let us frankly admit that most of the confession articles are perfectly terrible: written with incredible lack of taste and banality, obviously sensational, false in most of their values. Nevertheless, here we discern a groping on the part of the rank and file toward, and an understanding of, applied psychology. The most subtle vivisection of human nature in the truest of novels would be beyond their comprehension. But they are beginning to wonder. They are beginning to desire some analysis of their own motives that they can understand, seeking for parallels with their own experience, not stories made up by some writer but actual chronicles. They are badly fooled, of course. The "true stories" they pore over are rarely if ever true, the confessions of a better grade are not really what they are after. But something in them over and above the mere desire for sensationalism is alive and seeking.

And, in regard to our third straw, the rank and file are groping, we feel, toward a vocabulary. Suddenly there is this strange and crude etymological interest, whose satisfaction has made fortunes for the cross-word puzzle publishers. Again the stirring of the mass. Thus we interpret through rosy spectacles. Yet we believe that there is something in this viewpoint. The man we called the "average man" yesterday has passed on. He is reading and discussing better books than he read formerly. And formerly he did not worry about discussing them.

Thus Optimism! But we prefer it to the opposite view!

The BOWLING GREEN

The Middle Country Road

ONCE I collaborated in writing a novel. In fact, twice; but the first seizure was never read by anyone. In the second case it was my partner who planned that the scene should be laid at the eastern end of Long Island; but when the time came for writing that part of the story my colleague had gone abroad. I gave a quite circumstantial description of the extremities of Paumanok; which was meritorious, as I had never seen them. I have often wondered whether my collaborator, whom I will conceal under the name of D—— M——, has ever been there himself. I concealed my ignorance from him; perhaps he his from me.

This is only the preamble. The amble itself is that the other day it occurred to me that it would be an honest thing to find out whether that part of Long Island is at all like my description of it. Besides, a new car is a great incentive to travel. So Titania and I got into Dean Swift and went eastward.

I foresee that I am not going to be able to tell you as much as I should like to about the scenery. There are always so many agreeable analogies that flit into the mind and impede narration. In the case of the novel that D—— M——and I wrote we ruled out all philosophizing; the narrative (if I do have to say it, because the publisher never did) was delightfully rapid. This was because the story was written with the firm intention of selling it to the movies; which has not yet been consummated. The agent complained that it did not have enough Lust at First Sight. He said (he is a well-read man, the agent) that it was neither one Dell nor the other: neither Floyd nor Ethel. He said there was no Pola Negri in our woodpile. If I had the clipping here I believe I would tell you what the New York *Times* said about that story. Why, it was a perfectly splendid notice. If you will turn back to your file of the *Times*, May 25, 1924, you can see. Another reason why the story moved so swiftly was that both D—— M—— and I had determined we would create the most delightful girl in modern fiction; then we both fell in love with her and wanted to write all the bits of dialogue belonging to her; so each one hastened on and on, to get past his allotted section and into the other man's. That was why it only took two and a half years to write the book. The real reason was that we had drawn some advance money from the publisher on the strength of the mere synopsis. Nothing makes a book so hard to write as having got money for it beforehand. Let this be a warning to publishers.

But, as I began to say, Titania and I set off eastward. The reason why I shall not say much about the scenery is that I didn't really study it in detail. I got the *feeling* of it rather than any precise observation. For driving a new car is a gloriously introspective business. You are too happy listening to the unfamiliar drum of the engine, watching the strange dashboard, learning her ways (I may as well tell you that seven notches below the bead seems to be the best adjustment for the carburetor intake-screw in the case of Dean Swift) to carefully examine the landscape or worry about split infinitives. Then, too, you have a clock on the dashboard, which is a new luxury in my motoring career; it is an eight-day-clock, and you may get to thinking, suppose you wind an eight-day-clock every Sunday, then once every eight weeks (wouldn't it be?) you should let her go a week without winding, to work off the excess torsion? Titania and I stopped the Dean in a pine-woods along the Middle Country Road to argue that out. Driving a new car is very like being young, which is only driving a new mind and body through life. You are likely to be so eagerly absorbed in your own mechanisms that you don't really pay proper attention to the meaning of what is around you. All the time you have the feeling, some day I'll do this again, thoughtfully, and study the significance of it. But suppose you aren't going to have any chance to do it again?

So I had better tell you at once how lovely is the Middle Country Road. The general human habit of keeping to the main highway is a great consolation to those who always hunt out the roads marked second-rate in the maps. So when everyone else, at the romantic hamlet of Smithtown Branch, bears left on the concrete pike to Port Jeff, the Dean (whose garage, by the way, is called the Deanery; and if you're disturbed by the idea of a female Dean you need only think of Bryn Mawr College) the Dean keeps straight on into the strange and barren peace of the Middle Country. I think it is there (the map is not handy as I write) that you reach the hamlet of Coram; but it is not Coram Populo, for all that region is rather desolate. What beautiful little old farm-houses, deserted and crumbling by the way, where lilacs still in the door-yard bloom! And queer tiny forgotten cemeteries; in one of these a waggon and two white horses were standing; Titania said (I was looking at the oil-gauge just then) they were digging up the graves. She remembered the white horses of Rosmersholm. I always spell it waggon, because (this is the Urchin's pun) every waggon ought to have a geegee.

There was something curiously metaphysical about our little voyage. First the Friend's Meeting House at Jericho. Then West Hills, where Walt was born. Then, as I am telling you, the exquisitely forlorn quality of the Middle Country Road (*medio tutissimus ibis*). At sunset time you come into Riverhead where the friendly and humorous proprietor of the old Griffin House makes you welcome. In the hotel you will find a facsimile of what purports to be a liquor license once issued to Abraham Lincoln. In the dining room Mary the waitress, with an excellent Long Island twang, announces suddenly over your shoulder "We have steak, lamb chops, veal cutlet, fried clams, fried eels." And in the pine-woods along the bay, at dusk, the whippoorwills are shrilling, like a flexible switch flogged in air.

D—— M—— and I were quite safe in describing the island of our story, because it is private property anyway and small chance of anyone checking us up. But the other island in that bay, Shelter Island, is very much as I had imagined it and certainly an enchanting place. The cheerful young ferryman at the South Ferry on Shelter Island had been on the island of our story, and told me of its charms, of its woods full of deer and its steep clay cliffs. He is a student of thunderstorms, too, and told how the tides alter the behavior of electrical storms in that narrow gut; and how a young farmer in the neighborhood was killed by lightning recently while taking a bath in a galvanized tub under an electric light fixture.

But the real goal of our pilgrimage was Montauk, which was as surprising to me as almost everything is when you see it for yourself. As far as Amagansett the South Shore highway, superb of its kind, is almost distressingly point-device. The Hamptons are all ye'd up: even Uncle Sam lends his approval: I could hardly believe the inscription *Ye Easthampton Post Office*. At Southampton I think my eye caught a sign on Agawam Pond about Not Luring The Swans. That would bar out Leda. The delightful windmills of the Hamptons have mostly lost their sails: perhaps someone has been tilting at them.

But beyond Amagansett the Dean found herself, in a gathering fog, on a queer undulating way among wild sand dunes and heathy moors. For many miles that strange road twists and thankyou-maams in the desert. Under the cliffs the surf roared in dim vagues of milk and pearl; and when at last we reached the lighthouse and shut off the motor a savage lonely voice came bursting through the fog. It was the siren; an odd name for such a melancholy warning cry. One could not help remembering that it was here, along these lonely beaches, that Walt Whitman used to shout Shakespeare at the storm.*

Coming home next morning, in the clear sunlight of the Shinnecock Hills, just as we were approaching a big truck, I saw—too late to do anything—a fine big yellow and black turtle crawling out onto the road. I'm afraid that he was going exactly into the path of those great flat wheels. And another omen led me to fear the worst had happened. That afternoon we were spinning gently along the Motor Parkway; which, as the signs remind you, is reserved for Pleasure Vehicles. Behind us came a roaring, a car shot past the Dean at twice our speed. It was a hearse.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

*Wasn't it Coney Island? The Editors.

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Books of Special Interest

The Prophets

THE PROPHETS AND THEIR TIMES. By J. M. Powis Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.25.

Reviewed by Henry J. Cadbury
Harvard University

NO part of Biblical study is better supplied with readable English handbooks than the Old Testament Prophets. Nevertheless we are glad to welcome another to the list from the pen of Professor Smith of Chicago. The author's familiarity with the field is attested by his earlier books and articles and is evident from his treatment of the theme in the several chapters of the present publication. He is in touch with recent commentaries and histories and embodies some new data such as the changed date of the fall of Nineveh. (His dates for the later Greek period should have been more carefully verified or else omitted entirely.) He refers also to the interesting new departures into the investigation of prophetic psychology, but makes no fresh adventures of his own in this direction.

In such a book new departures are perhaps not in place. The emphasis is partly upon the political circumstances in which the prophets lived, partly upon their message. The latter requires the use and interpretation of the Hebrew text, which because of corruption, obscurity, and interpolation presents extremely difficult problems. Here Professor Smith does not burden the reader with technicalities or debates. He quietly adopts decisions in accord with current scholarship. Often he follows the excellent modern custom in such books of printing important citations *in extenso*. Though the method is historical rather than biographical the experiences of the pre-exilic prophets are made to yield a certain amount of personal portraiture which will engage the interest of the reader. In the later and anonymous literature this gives place to a rather more tedious method, the mere analysis of subject matter. The later apocalyptic of the Old Testament is legitimately inserted at the conclusion, but it is only a concession to canonical tradition which permits the inclusion under the title of the volume of the tales of Jonah and of Daniel.

The general impressions on the reader of this book will be various, but no one will fail to see how directly the prophets' message was intended for the nation rather than for individuals. The prophets dealt with politics and made foreign affairs a principal concern. Their approach was religious and moral and from this combination they developed not only admirable ideals of statesmanship but many of their most sublime religious conceptions. It is interesting to note that spiritual religion would not have developed if the modern demand to keep politics out of religion had been followed. On the contrary, it was precisely the prophets' interest in social and political problems which gave them religious insight and moral earnestness such as philosophical speculation or ethical reasoning can never attain. Although Professor Smith does not draw the modern inferences from his narrative he is evidently aware of them and the sympathetic reader will catch them too. He will understand the superior patriotism of the defeatist Jeremiah and will kindle to the program of the famous Servant Songs in the later chapters of Isaiah before which, as Professor Smith well says, "our 100 per cent Americanism shudders in terror." The problem of post-war luxury is more insistent in our days than in those of Amos, while the complexity of our life makes it quite as difficult for us as for these ancient spokesmen of Jehovah to reach a confidence in the goodness and the justice of God. For these reasons as well as for its capable presentation of the principal facts ascertained by competent scholarship in this field this new handbook may be commended both for students and for the general reader.

A Little Known Land

MADAGASCAR: LAND OF THE MAN-EATING TREE. By Chase Salmon Osborn. New York: Republic Publishing Co. 1924. $2.25.

Reviewed by Rexford W. Barton.

MARCO Polo, in the course of his travels, visited the great island of Madagascar (and gave it the name by which it is now known on the maps of the world) and was promptly discredited for his remarks about it; it has been known to the Persians and Arabs for untold centuries and was the home of the great Roc of the "Abrabian Nights", the tremendous *æpyornis*, but recently extinct, twice the size of an ostrich whose eggs, forty inches in circumference, are still to be found. In 1510 the Portuguese, with their ready gift for acquisition, claimed its discovery; the American clippers and whalers out of New Bedford and Salem knew Madagascar well and left their imprint on the Malagassy in enriching their language with the word *jaka* from *jacktar* which now means salted or preserved meat; Captain Kidd used its sheltering bays and bights from which to launch many a free-booting expedition; Benjamin Franklin inadvertently sponsored an expedition whose purpose was to overthrow the small French colony at the same time that he was negotiating with the French for aid during our Revolution; today Madagascar is one of the most valuable and most beatiful colonies of France, yet it is still, at least to Americans, a little-known land, and is constantly being rediscovered.

Mr. Chase Salmon Osborn has made the most recent re-discovery and, of the many strange places he has visited and studied, he finds this "singularly continental" island all in all, ethnologically, anthropologically, zoölogically, geologically, historically, and romantically the most interesting. He approaches his subject from the point of view of a student familiar with the sciences necessary to an honest understanding of the material with which he is confronted. And, like the student, his work gives ample evidence of considerable research. But his book is not essentially in the nature of a treatise; it is a narrative; opinion interspersed with fact with ready sympathy and understanding of the problems of a people of undetermined origin whose traditions and insular history give them a distinct unity and make them worthy of a separate chapter in the long chronicle of the world's development.

Although we cannot always agree with the analogous conclusions that Mr. Osborn draws, and though they sometimes appear a bit captious, they are well to consider, some of them seriously, and they add unusual enjoyment to a most engrossing travel book.

No review would be complete without a mention of the numerous interesting photographs and the tracing of the old map, *Carte de Madagascar par Gastaldo* (1560), that appears as a frontispiece. And, because of the third sentence in the book, we must forgive the author its sub-title. ". . . I am going to tell you that the purpose of the title of this chapter is at once to mesh your interest. . . . I do not know whether this tigerish tree really exists or whether the bloodcurdling stories about it are pure myth." But he tells the story as set down by a Pole in 1878 who claimed to be an eye-witness of this carniverous plant. Marco Polo would rattle his bones could he but know the "scoop" he had missed.

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Literature Abroad

A New Mann Novel

DER ZAUBERBERG. By THOMAS MANN. Berlin. S. Fischer. 1925.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL.

THOMAS MANN, it is said, has been engaged on his latest novel for the past ten years. It is true that since the beginning of the war, apart from a short story and one short novel about his favorite dog, he has published nothing substantial that was not political. We can now see that this diversion from his normal profession of novelist has not been without profit to the imaginative side of his work. In making his protest against the *Bildungsphilister*, against the easy, dilettante cosmopolitanism affected by some of his fellow-writers, in making his defence of the German national genius, in composing his satire on the *Zivilisationsliterat*—all these things may be found in his works "Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen", "Friedrich der Grosse und das Grosse Koalition" and the volume of essays, "Rede und Antwort"—it seems that Mann has been studying character, observing the newer social tendencies and types, bringing up to date, and on a larger canvas, the study of character he gave in his "Buddenbrooks" more than twenty years ago.

The plot of "Zauberberg", which is the least important thing about it, is soon told. A young man named Hans Castorp, son of a wealthy shipping family of Hamburg—that type Mann knows so well—arrives one day at Davos Platz at a sanitarium where his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen is undergoing a cure for lung trouble. The cousins are well contrasted—Hans the young dilettante, Joachim the earnest young studious type of German who one day descends the mountain to do his military service—it was all a few years before the outbreak of the Great War—and so aggravates his malady that he dies. Hans remains on the "Zauberberg", conversing with the various types who are thrown across his path—with a sensuous young Russian woman, Madame Chauchat, with whom he falls desperately, but inconclusively, in love, with Settembrini, a skeptical, anti-clerical Italian free-mason, with the Jew Naphta, Settembrini's antithesis, with his defence of absolutist philosophy and statecraft and his mystical belief in authority, with Dr. Behrens, director of the sanitarium and the embodiment of twentieth-century physical science, proud of its achievements, but not anxious to philosophize about them, with Dr. Krokowski, who might be any one of the Zurich school of psychoanalysis, with Mijnheer Peeperkorn, a rich, comfortable, generous-hearted Dutch coffee-planter. The talks between all the characters in this remarkable gallery really make up the substance of Herr Mann's twelve-hundred or so pages. At the end Hans Castorp is in the trenches and we lose sight of him. Will his creator bring him through the fight? We are not told, but we hope so, for so penetrating a study in national types of before 1914 must surely be completed by a portraiture of young Germany, or young Italy, or young Europe as a whole, as it has emerged from the struggle.

A word must be said in conclusion about Mann's technical success. Twelve hundred pages must seem a large number to sustain merely on dialogue and character expressed through conversation. But Mann has carried it off. For this not only his skill in writing dialogue and in drawing character, line by line with the conscientiousness of a Flaubert, must be given the credit. He chose the right design for his work and so won half the battle. By his device of the Zauberberg, a remote place, above the world, the *Flachland*, and yet in relation to it, he has contrived to convey the essence of pre-war European thought and action without being under the horrid necessity of busying himself with political and social actuality, with the stock-in-trade of newspaper correspondents. For all his realistic method, therefore, he has made his work far superior to any transcription of life; he has, in fact, largely succeeded in turning history into literature. It is a lesson in the technique of fiction that he has given us in his "Zauberberg". He is hardly likely to be deposed from the position he held even before he wrote it—of being the most considerable of living German novelists.

Foreign Notes

A VOLUME of interest to the student of art has recently appeared in Italy under the title "La Pittura Italiana del Seicento e del Settecento" (Rome: Bestetti & Tumminelli). It covers the period from the end of the sixteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, thus supplying a survey of Italian painting over a stretch of years not generally chronicled with any fulness. The book is the joint product of U. Ojetti, L. Dami, and N. Tarchiani, contains an excellent historical analysis, copious biographical and bibliographical notes, and a large number of excellent plates.

Of Gerolamo Calvi's "I Manoscritti di Leonardo da Vinci—Dal Punto di Vista Cronologico Storico e Biografico," recently issued in Bologna by Zanichelli, the critic of the London *Times Literary Supplement*, says: "It is only doing justice to the results attained to say that the vast field of the Leonardo manuscripts has never before been surveyed with such skilled unity of purpose, and that the book is one which cannot be neglected by any future student of the subject. The study of it leads to the conviction that, despite the permanent value of the labors of Dr. Richter, Müller-Walde, and other outstanding figures, the final word in the interpretation of obscure points in the manuscripts must rest with the Italians."

A new book is to be published in the fall by David Garnett, author of "Lady into Fox" and "The Man in the Zoo." It is entitled "The Sailor's Return, or The History of William Targett, Mariner, and His Tulip."

André Maurois, author of "Ariel," is now writing a life of Disraeli.

What About

COLLEGE

By

John Palmer Gavit

Author of "Americans by Choice"

The popularity of Mr. Gavit's widely read newspaper articles on colleges in the United States has led him to undertake a more complete description of the state of education and of life in our colleges and universities. His book is of importance to the great army of teachers, and perhaps of still more vital interest to modern parents who are making every sacrifice to give their children a good education and who find themselves confused by a sea of conflicting opinions.

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By

Scott Fitzgerald

Here is an excellent summary of the merits of "The Great Gatsby," written by Herschel Brickell in the New York Evening Post:

"We had not read a half-dozen pages before we were saying: 'Why, the man's perfectly at his ease in a serious piece of writing. His style fairly scintillates, and with a genuine brilliance; he writes surely and soundly.' The rest of the book confirmed the impression. . . . A social study . . . important in its implications. . . . In addition to demonstrating an admirable mastery of his medium both in style and construction, he has written a story that at its best is very, very good. . . . Mr. Fitzgerald manipulates his people and his situations with a master hand. . . . The handling is excellent, and one cannot withhold admiration from the creation of atmosphere which Mr. Fitzgerald does so well, nor from his blending of a cold and aloof irony with a sort of compassion for every one involved in the curious tangle. . . . Mr. Fitzgerald's prose is distinguished, nothing short of it. It has color, richness, an abundance of imagery, and a fine sense of the picturesque. . . . With it, Mr. Fitzgerald . . . enters into the group of American writers who are producing the best serious fiction. On the basis of this book alone Mr. Fitzgerald gives about as much promise as any young writer we have, and that is a thoughtful opinion. . . . If you begin it you'll go straight through to the end, and you will be conscious that you have read an excellent piece of writing. Mr. Fitzgerald will bear watching."

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The Reader in London

By W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez

WE may be known as a newspaper and library ridden nation, but it takes a prolonged residence abroad for the American reader and literary worker to appreciate these home privileges. It is perhaps too easy for us to obtain the books we want to read and not buy. The nearest branch Public Library may not be a large one, but the system of coördination whereby a branch may borrow a book for one of its readers from another branch in some distant part of the city not only insures rapid service for the latest books, but also enables the urban system to acquire books that no single or independent library can afford to purchase.

When you come to London you see books everywhere, on stalls in the streets, in shops, and you learn of the great British Museum. You find a library in each borough and in the suburbs, now and then a Carnegie foundation, and you think to while away many a rainy day sitting by the fire with a borrowed book. But try it. You will find a well-thumbed collection in each of the borough public libraries of London, but a woefully limited and antiquated collection. It is useless to depend on any public library for keeping abreast of the enormous output of the London publishers. There is no interlocking system between the libraries of the city or its suburbs. You then realize why the British support so many subscription libraries. You make haste to join Mudie's the oldest of this type, or the Times Book Club, or the famous London Library founded in 1840, when public libraries were unknown. The London Library is a private organization, and came into existence of sheer necessity.

Carlyle had been impressed with the fact that Dumfries supported a jail but no library, and while reading for his study of "Cromwell" Carlyle found London almost as difficult as Dumfries. He gathered a number of literary workers together at the Freemason's Tavern in 1840, and the subscription London Library came into existence. But it is no place for the sojourner. He must pay $15 admission fee, and another $15 annual subscription. If he wants more than one book he must pay an additional $5 for the privilege of taking up to five volumes out, and these may not be new works. In order to join he must be recommended by a member, and not a householder as in the case of the Public Libraries. It is not easy for a sojourner to find a member in the big city of London.

And so he turns to Mudie's or the Times Book Club, which are less exacting, and a deposit together with a reasonable fee for three or six months or a year entitles him to membership. Books may be kept as long as you want, though a quarter is demanded for every extra volume on a minimum membership. The attraction of this type of library is that there is a second-hand department, and the latest books, after they have served time in the circulation department, are sold at reduced prices. A member may put his name down for a new book and he has first chance at purchasing. These libraries certainly foster the habit of buying books.

This fact impressed me with the difference between the average American and British reader. Both are omnivorous in their demands and catholic in their tastes. But whether from the reason of inadequate public library service or from the fact that he has a more permanent home in which to accumulate books, I think the Londoner is a far more consistent reader and purchaser of new and second-hand books than the New Yorker. He travels longer distances to and from his job, and being philosophic and less anxious about getting somewhere in a hurry, whether in London or in the country, you will find him relapse into a book he seems always to carry in his pocket. He seems to carry a book as he carries an umbrella—always prepared for British eventualities. You can't expect him to bring one to a football match, but, cricket being less strenuous than baseball, you will find him reading at a cricket match and taking a simultaneous interest in that leisurely game. He carries books to the theatres to read between acts and to concerts. The bicycle seems to have a perennial lease of life, and nearly every man, woman or adolescent in London takes his wheel, his lunch, and a book to the big parks or the country outside London. They read at lunch and at tea, on bus tops and in railway carriages, more books than magazines.

What the Londoner reads may be an important question, but one that would defy a census taker. Of course, in city and country trains and on busses, in lunch and tea rooms, one may furtively satisfy one's curiosity. But while you will find the stenographers and clerks, male and female, ardent supporters of the "Sheik" school, yet there are many surprises. The Brontës and George Eliot, Dickens, Pepy's "Diary," Boswell, Lamb and the newest "highbrow" books have also come under my sideview. I am forced to remark once more at the general scarcity of magazine readers. Perhaps the British book trade makes these cheap, handy little pocket editions for just this class of reader. The price averages 50 cents, and these readers appear to own and not to borrow their books.

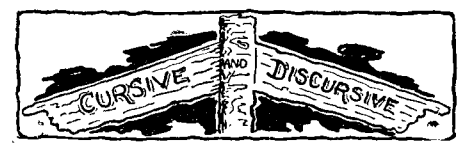
One naturally leaves the specialist for the last, and then one begins with the venerable and august British Museum. You will find the same literary types in its big reading room, perhaps more true to type or to our notion of caricature. There is the successful as well as the poverty-stricken reader and researcher. I recall that poor Gissing used the Museum lavatory for his daily ablutions. Let us say that the War has obliterated this extreme type. It is rarely met in the Museum today. But what a cosmopolitan collection! Americans writing theses for a doctorate, Germans collating, and all the races of Europe either in quest of the British Constitution or staving off homesickness. And how British to see them all file out for that very necessary meal called 'Tea! Next to the British Museum there is the Guildhall Library for antiquarians and historians, the most fascinating collection on this fascinating old city.

But the American is sorely tried at the British Museum. There is no card catalogue, though the various Public Libraries have installed the system. There is an Author's and a Subject index. Each consists of cuttings from publishers' catalogues, or a similar source, pasted into large leather-bound scrap-books. If you are successful in finding what you want after a week's steady practice, you write on a printed slip all the particulars, place it in one of of two boxes at the desk, and then, leaving some momento to save your seat, you go out into the large yard and listen to the starlings that take refuge on the classic porch.

Or you walk to the street, past the policeman and porter to light a pipe or cigarette, for you may not smoke anywhere on the precincts outside the building. Or, if you aren't used to the drizzle that perpetually falls in London you wander through the various Museum collections that are world-famous. I have found clasical archæology too cold to contemplate on a rainy day and take refuge among the mummies, where the atmosphere, at least, suggests dryness and warmth. In any event it is quite useless to return to your seat within the half-hour, for your books will not be there.

I defy anyone to find exactly what he wants in the British Museum. You are quite certain that every book ever published is there, because a law of copyright compels every publisher to deposit copies. But the catalogue of Subject or Author will not help you. And woe betide you if you have forgotten the author! You will wade through countless tomes, catalogues, and publisher's anonuncements, for they seem to regard the long-suffering publisher as a public utility, and you are likely to be baffled. Nor can you expect the polite and obliging assistants to be mind-readers. Why not card indexes? My dear fellow, it would be jolly well impossible with all the books they have. Why haven't they made a start? It's not done and never will be done.

Then there is a Magazine Room where every periodical in the world is received. But you wouldn't know it. It's a dead secret. And when you make out a slip for a certain magazine, sitting at a desk and waiting for the attendant to secrete it from the hidden repositories, you will perhaps prefer to subscribe for it. And yet, what would you? There is only one British Museum. After you have inducted yourself into its mysteries you will learn that it cannot change. Where else will you hope to get that out-of-print volume? But you'll get it if you persevere, and for that you will be grateful. And if you're writing a book or a thesis you will come over on a sabbatical and drink strong tea with bacon and eggs for breakfast in some damp Bloomsbury boarding house, and wear out several pairs of rubbers and lose as many umbrellas, and get acquainted with every policeman in twisty London, so as to spend your working hours in the British Museum.



By The Phœnecian

PERIODICALLY we feel called upon to comment on certain periodicals, not the long-established ones, but new ventures of one kind and another that always seem to gravitate to our desk. * * * Here before us, for instance, is the *Year Book of the N. Y. Craftsman's Group* published at Bath, New York. Only the names of *George Jay Smith, Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas*, and *Clement Wood* are familiar to us in the list of contents. The poetry does not linger long in our mind. * * * Here is Mr. Humphrey Milford's *The Periodical*, made up of excerpts from the books of the Oxford Press, with delightful illustrations from the same,—publicity *de luxe!* Here, shouldering it aside, is the new magazine of poetry and youth, *Pan*, published monthly at Notre Dame, Indiana, a periodical that *Vachel Lindsay* avers "must fight like a hell-cat and love beauty like a saint," a pronouncement they have taken for their motto. They list on their advisory board *Edwin Markham, Don Marquis, Conrad Aiken, Witter Bynner, Lindsay, Neihardt, Sandburg, Ina Coolbrith, Bodenheim*, and *Sterling*. *Pan's* first shrilling on the reeds strikes us as a trifle thin. It certainly engenders no panic. * * * And here's *The Double Dealer*, an old friend; and here's *The Jewish Life*, a new one, the official organ of Jewish Science, with ads in the back of the Bowknot Evening Gown, Djer-Kiss, and Rollo the great fat reducer. Inside we have articles on "The Creative Mind" and "Walking With God." It's a truly modern periodical! * * * More interesting is *Leonardo*, the annual magazine of the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School, edited by *Onorio Ruotolo* and *Francesca Vinci Roman*. It is a richly printed and illustrated portfolio, featuring many English and Italian contributors. *Gabriele d'Annunzio, Pascal D'Angelo, Konrad Bercovici, Charles Dana Gibson, John Macy, Harry Kemp, Boardman Robinson, Art Young*, many Italian artists and writers, are all given space in these pages, with expensive reproductions of paintings, drawings and sculpture. * * * And then here is the latest literary venture from Yale, *Linonia*, published by Yale College undergraduates, chiefly *R. J. Ullman* and *J. M. Frankland*. Its format is excellent, its contributions rather interesting. We wish it success! * * * Finally, of course, we have *Edwin Valentine Mitchell's* always charming *Book Notes* which we have often mentioned in these columns. We always like to crib from his "Grub Street Notes." * * * From them we politely lift the information that *Barry Benefield*, publicity standby of The Century Company, has written a novel they are going to publish. We fling our cap in the air, as we have always maintained that Barry was one of the greatest unappreciated American short story writers. * * * And *André Maurois* is writing a book on *Disraeli*,—and it is rumored that *Suzanne Lenglen*, the Terpsichore of Tennis, has written a novel. * * * Thank you, Edwin Valentine! * * * *Virginia Woolf* dedicates to *Lytton Strachey* her latest volume, "The Common Reader." It is not fiction but a collection of essays. The title is taken from *Samuel Johnson*, who "rejoiced to concur" with the common reader. The papers rove over the *Pastons* and *Chaucer*, around the Elizabethan lumber room, ramble round *Evelyn*, skirting *Montaigne* and the *Duchess of Newcastle*, touch upon *Defoe* and *Addison*, penetrate certain obscure literary lives, and include *Jane Austen*, "Jane Eyre," *George Eliot, Miss Mitford, Joseph Conrad*, and others, with several excursions into discussion of modern fiction and the modern essay. * * * We have just pecked at Mrs. Woolf's book, but the remarks we caught up at random, on *Jane Austen*, on *Joseph Conrad*, on *James Joyce*, we felt so utterly right, that we are longing to give the volume our full attention. * * * *Witter Bynner* has instituted a new poetry prize, an annual award to be known as the "Witter Bynner Scholastic Poetry Competition." It will be open to all high school students, junior and senior, in the United States. It will be awarded through *The Scholastic*, a national high school magazine published semi-monthly at Pittsburgh. Several months ago this magazine received such an overwhelming response to an invitation issued for prize poems, stories, essays, etc., to be published in a specially student-written number, that Bynner, as one of the poetry judges, conceived his special prize. * * *

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

HOW TO SEE MODERN PICTURES. By RALPH M. PEARSON. Dial Press. 1925. $2.50.

Modern pictures should be seen simply as design. "The new approach is visual in character. It demands that pictures be seen as ends in themselves. It demands that a distinction be made between qualities in a picture whose only purpose is to be seen, and qualities whose purpose is to convey ideas or human emotions." So Mr. Pearson.

With all this demanding it should be clear that there is no longer any legitimate place in the sun for the picture which while being seen may also convey "an idea or a human emotion." It is apparent also that a way of seeing has been recently discovered which has nothing whatever to do with the ideas or emotions of the human being who owns the eye. All this your reviewer willingly leaves to the woeful race of psychologists.

Give Mr. Pearson his case, that nothing but formal design is worth anybody's attention in a picture, he preaches his cause with clearness and pungency. He shows up and down what rhythm and balance are, reduces the Hambidgean dynamic symmetry to a manageable capsule, analyzes many pictures, produces abstractions of natural appearances, including an etching of his own in which a mountain is most instructively reduced to the scale and semblance of a bun. Finally there is guidance to such books and periodicals as are keeping the world safe for Modernism. It is all very simple and strong.

Since the layman is obtuse to design, such teaching as this book affords is useful—up to a certain point, up to the point, to wit, where art draws on ideas and emotions, which until very recently art has always done. Too much of this drilling in design is rather likely to produce a mathematical sort of prig rather than a civilized art-love. While dutifully reading his Pearson, the neophyte may still find his account in his Cox, Huneker, and La Farge.

WOODCUTS AND SOME WORDS. By GORDON CRAIG. Small, Maynard. 1925. $3.

A beautifully made little in-quarto with fifty-seven cuts after Mr. Craig's woodblacks and his own racy account of his adventures in the arts, the whole not addressed to the long eared public but to the adept and to the unspoiled beginner. Many of the blacks are memoranda of stage managements. It was a handy way to reproduce and pass the material about to the caste. Others are portraits of places, yet others pure fantasies, still others geometrical abstractions—all beautiful distributions of velvety blacks on the white paper. Many served in that very distinguished magazine, *The Masque*, as head- and tail-pieces. Mr. Craig tells how he makes them, why he likes them, where he finds the blacks, how he prints them. Those would be dull fingers that would not quiver for the graver as they turn these pages. The little book has all Mr. Craig's extraordinary gift for picturesqueness and vitality, with such a joint and harmonious appeal to ear and eye as we have hardly had since Elihu Vedder's "Omar."

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY POINTS OF CHILDE HASSAM. With an introduction by *Royal Cortissoz*. Scribners.

Belles Lettres

MIRRORS OF NEW YORK. By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES. New York: Joseph Lawren. 1925. $3.

Mr. de Casseres is not divulging the accumulated secrets of indiscretions which have impalpably deposited in the mirrors of offices, boudoirs, and supper clubs of New York. He is not reflecting a composite impression of the city, the customs of its inhabitants, and the attitude of its strangers within its subways. Rather, Mr. de Casseres has apparently presented a quixotic, fantastic, mercurial mirror of his own to various quirks, quiddities, and oddities of the metropolis. At times, he exercises that privilege which was discovered by Lewis Carroll, of penetrating the mirror itself, and staring back with elfin mischief.

The viewpoint which Mr. de Casseres adopts is, in effect, a plea of demurrer to a quantity of indictments: that New York is materialistic; that the city is given over to pleasure; that it is obstreperous and self-confident and egotistic. What of it? he demands. "Our religion," he affirms, "is a practical pantheism, with energy as the Eternal Substance."

Mr. de Casseres is buoyant and astringent and loud. He hammers home his points of pessimism with the same punch and bevo of the "There Is Hope" school of encouragers. He has an enormously happy time of it and indulges a tremendous amount of animal spirits in dispensing a venomously intoxicating brand of gloom. He is paradoxical and conclusive and destructive. At times, however, his style has the somewhat obvious absurdity which lends glitter and glamour to an occasion, especially if tongues are thickened, but makes reading a bit difficult.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *By A. & C. Boni.* 4 vols. $5.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. By *George MacDonald.* Dutton. $3.50.

UPLANDS OF DREAM. By *Edgar Saltus.* Covici.

OUR FELLOW SHAKESPEARE. By *Horace J. Bridges.* Covici. $2.50.

SWALLOWING THE ANCHOR. By *William McFee.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

CREDO. By *Stewart Edward White.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Biography

WILLIAM AUSTIN. By *Walter Austin.* Marshall Jones.

EDITH WHARTON. By *Robert Morss Lovett.* McBride. $1 net.

DORA WORDSWORTH: HER BOOK. By *F. V. Morley.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

OUT OF THE PAST. By *Margaret Symonds.* Scribners. $4.

FARMINGTON. By *Clarence Darrow.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. Harvard University Press.

STORIES OF OLD IRELAND AND MYSELF. By *Sir William Orpen.* Holt.

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS. By *Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.* Little, Brown. $5 net.

EDWARD EVERETT. By *Paul Revere Frothingham.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.

HENRY CABOT LODGE. By *William Lawrence.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

THE LIFE OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. By *Geraldine Hodgson.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Drama

THE NEW WAY. By *Annie Nathan Meyer.* New York: Samuel French.

TUNNEL FRENCH. By *Hubert Griffith.* London: Allen & Unwin.

EDUCATION. By *Frank J. Adkins.* London: Allen & Unwin.

THE GHOUL. By *Olga Petrova.* Four Seas.

COSMEN-EXILES. By *John C. Judy.* Published by the author, Berkeley, Calif.

Education

SCHOOL FOR JOHN AND MARY. By ELIZABETH BANKS. Putnams. 1924. $2.

The publishers have given away the secret by scrawling on the jacket in red, "The Story of a Fight Against the Caste System," but we would have guessed it without that. "Jack" and "I," with the protagonists of the title, a typical professional class English family, return after several prosperous years in Canada about the time when people of their sort put the children into preparatory and "public" schools. Smitten with unctuous democracy (pardon, Democracy) and expecting to find the "state" or "council" schools similar to the modern and enlightened system of Canada and the United States, they scorn the snobbish and inefficient schools of their caste in favor of those of the workingman's children. Misunderstandings and social ostracism follow, and more careful study of the situation by the parents. The conclusion seems to be that there is no democracy and plaguey little education in England, so they all trek back to Canada.

In narrative form, and written in the copy-book manner of an ingenuous and sentimental child, the book loses the force of a dispassionate study of the failings found in the English school system, while the unreality of the chief characters frustrates the evident intention of vividness and direct appeal. We can see little interest her for American readers in general and even less value to educators in particular.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Art and Man

By C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON

Reviewed at length in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of May 16. $4.00

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Fragment of a Novel written by Jane Austen, January-March, 1817. Now first printed from the Manuscript. *Net* $2.50.

An account of this fragment, with short extracts, was given by James Edward Austen-Leigh in the second edition (1871) of his *Memoir* of Jane Austen. But the twelve chapters are now for the first time printed in full.

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The New Books

Education

(*Continued from preceding page*)

COLLEGE. By *John Palmer Gavit.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

FORUM PAPERS. Second Series. Edited by *Charles Robert Gaston.* Duffield.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE. By *Burton J. Hendrick.* Adapted for school use by Rollo L. Lyman. Doubleday, Page. $1.

AMERICA'S NEED FOR EDUCATION. By *Calvin Coolidge.* Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents.

Fiction

THE SLEEPER OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGES. By EDISON MARSHALL. Cosmopolitan Book Co. 1925. $2.

Mr. Marshall is an adept in the manufacture of that staple product, the northwestern brand of outdoor, he-man fiction. This one nears the jumping off place, being located in northern Alaska, its chief feature a lively volcano and its supporting troupe a band of satisfying wild natives and half breeds. The rest of it is according to a well tested pattern: two men, one girl, one being a bad man, the other noble; girl sufficiently red headed and the problem being to shuffle the bad one into the discard and bring the others to the scheduled "clinch." The half breed hero, of course, turns out to be really white, which will not surprise the experienced reader. The appetite of the "best-seller" public for this particular story seems to be insatiable: and it is really a good story. The high spot in this one, naturally, is the volcanic eruption, which is preceded by a well done tribal dance. The volume has three illustrations, one in color, from paintings by Jes W. Schlaikjer.

THE FOREST OF FEAR. By ALFRED GORDON BENNETT. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

If the author of this tale has inadvertently left out any of the "stunts" proper to a twelve reel thriller the oversight is neglible. It holds enough. Mere murders are not worth noting, as minor details to the scenario which runs to shipwrecks, cyclonic upheavals of a whole South Pacific Island, the abduction of the lovely heroine by the mysterious Chinese "Mandarin"; a wonderful cave chuck full of "radium" (apparently *au naturel,* so to speak, in an elemental state) presided over by a hideous but very wise living god, who tells at great length much that the reader and the actors themselves already know, by way of "prophecy." Good old amnesia also takes a hand, and the final rescue is effected by the help of the serviceable U. S. Navy which loans a battleship for the job. It is all a wild absurdity but addicts of the film will find it entertaining.

THE BOARDER UP AT EM'S. By ANICE TERHUNE. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

The background of New England village life, of some twenty years ago, the deft sketches of several of the minor folk, and the really excellent study of "Em," the sixty year old woman who runs the town, are enough to offset the rather theatrical plot of the titular heroine's problem in this "Down East" story, although it remains a bit hard to get up enthusiasm over a beautiful heroine who begins her career by forgery and then marries a man she does not love in order to gain an easy life. When she finds that, after all, she is not married she goes back to the old home village, to have her baby, and is taken in and befriended by "Em," who is a sort of presiding genius, looking after the welfare of the community. One does not care much for the girl, but "Em" is worth meeting—an incarnation of the caustic, yet humorous, efficiency, of the severity and kindness, that is—or used to be—produced only in rural New England. There are also nice touches in the handling of the lesser actors. "The idea of keepin' me waiting all this time just for a newspaper!" says Em to the postmaster, to which he replies —"Some folks don't get even that much. The mails ain't what they was."

THE PRINCE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. By HARRY F. LISCOMB. Stokes. 1925. $1.

The author of this book is blurbed as "the boy novelist" who is, we are informed, still in his teens. A prefatory note to his story waggishly remarks: "The publishers present this unusual story in the form in which the manuscript was submitted to them, its original atmosphere undisturbed by editorial blue-pencil." This amounts to patting the lad on the back and winking a publisher's eye at the reading public. We doubt very much if it works.

As an isolated piece of writing the book is not worth a syllable of discussion. But the principle involved in the fact that it is a book and not a manuscript in the wastebasket where it belongs elicits vigorous censure. Mr. Harold Lloyd lately impressed the publisher's joke for service in one of his films. "Merton of the Movies," we recall, developed a story from an adaptation of the theme. That is fiction. This is fact. The public is here cordially invited to spend a dollar for a "Brother, Sister, do not pass up this book" treat, which is, in sum, a puerile compendium of idiotic, childish adventures related in the language of an unnecessary Malaprop. Surely the soul of wit does not also lie in such mad confusion as "The deathly combatants," "the esoteric aperture in the partition," "of which he had developed a yearning passion for," "their fingers aglitter with sapphire adamants," or the devastating alliteration of "the kidnappers. . . . carried the fighting Fifth Avenue flapper up a flight of stairs and shoved her forcibly into one of the hallrooms." It is all infinitely worse than a badly written society page.

We are not criticizing the author. In the ordinary channels he would eventually come to discover his mistakes without having them openly proclaimed. He would learn that solecisms do not necessarily create enticing slang. He would learn a hundred other things besides. It is the publisher we condemn for giving a false value to his work. There is no analogy between this and "The Young Visiters." Under no other conceivable conditions than the present would "The Prince of Washington Square" have found itself in print. Jokes such as this never repeat, and Mr. Liscomb, proceeding on a false basis, may waste a dozen years of his life at a trade for which his earliest work gathers not the slightest promise. It is all a pathetic case of very poor judgment, of which he is the unfortunate victim.

THE HOUSE OF SECLUSION. By MARION HARVEY. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

Miss Harvey's mystery yarn is a compound of good qualities and qualities not so good, the former holding a safe lead through most of the book and finishing with a strong, unexpected spurt which drops the handicaps of the story far to the rear. One starts with the aged and reliable Who killed Cock Robin? problem, here slightly varied by allowing the elderly victim to meet his end in the treasure vault beneath the house where he has lived recluselike for years in mortal dread of his enemies. A guileless nephew is with him at the fateful moment when the cellar light goes out to be followed instantly by a sinister struggle in the dark.

Uncle Jones lay dead upon the floor. How come and why? We did not learn until nearly 300 pages later. In fact we did not remotely suspect, so skilfully has the author succeeded in prolonging our mystification while constantly adding fresh fuel to our curiosity. On only one point do we raise objection, and that is to the method employed at the close by the author to bring about a satisfactory solution. She unearths piece by piece the obscure and dishonorable past lives of various characters, some of whom have died years before the story opens, but the majority of whom play active parts in it. All right, we know that this is customary in the province of the mystery story, but here it had the effect of making one think that Miss Harvey's plot had gone beyond her control and that in desperation she had belatedly called in the aid of properties which she had not marked for her use from the very beginning.

PROFESSOR. By STANLEY JOHNSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

This is a sorry tale of pedantry, polish, prestige, and petty politics in a small college. Its thesis is that the driver of a garbage wagon (say) may be kindlied, more just, of a greater usefulness and a wider range of activity and interest, than the intelligentsia of this college; and that their struggle for power and privilege and preferment is a struggle of little spiteful nasty beetles. It is written well, but not so calmly as to suggest that Mr. Johnson views the tiny struggle with detached pity, a wondering passer-by.

THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND. By KENYON GAMBIER. Doran. 1925. $2.

Although Mr. Gambier employs numerous perennial standbys, in the way of plot, setting, incident, and characters, for the materials of his present romance, he has so skilfully revived, rearranged, and transformed the hardy relics that they here seem to us as good as new. The secret of his accomplishment is due in part to a spirited and graceful prose, combined with the ability to make one think the yarn is moving swiftly when in reality the actors are merely trying vigorous, but minor, practice steps. In a word, the author is never guilty of dulness, nor of the equally serious offense of slackening his grip upon the reader's interest.

The leading rôle is allotted to Jeanne Smith, the Princess, who inherits from her father sovereignty of a tiny Bahaman island over whose simple black natives she rules with justice, kindliness, and tolerance for all. Charlie Bonsal in the distant States is bequeathed possession of the island by the will of his late uncle, and departs at once to take up his tropical residence, only to find on arrival that the property has never legally passed from the ownership of the girl and her dead father. This disappoints the young man, of course, but being of chivalrous mold, he bears his loss stoically, loves the girl, and quickly enlists on her side to repel other invaders of her domain who are already gathering for the doing of evil deeds.

Here enters the shadow of a huge mortgage to menace the heroine with foreclosure. There are also revealed a Yankee business man with money to take over the title, a nefarious wolf in a friendly sheep's clothing, a rumor of buried treasure whose finding will save the girl's home from grasping creditors. These and other approved ingredients are adroitly blended to produce a tale which, though the *blasé* may spurn it for "old stuff," has yet the virtue of being far better handled than a great deal of "new stuff" which we see constantly bungled by ill-trained pens.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By *Frederick Baron Corvo.* Knopf. $2.75 net.

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Knopf. $2.

DAY OF ATONEMENT. By *Louis Golding.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY. By *Sigrid Undset.* Knopf. $3.

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE. By *Francis Hackett.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT. Compiled by *Charles Wright Gray.* Holt. $2.

GORA. By *Rabindranath Tagore.* Macmillan.

THE DECAMERON: *Boccaccio.* A. & C. Boni. $1.25.

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL. By *Francis Rabelais.* A. & C. Boni. 3 vols. $1.25 each.

BIGGER AND BLACKER. By *Octavus Roy Cohen.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

UNVEILED. By *Beatrice Kean Seymour.* Seltzer. $2.50.

THE GUERMANTES WAY. By *Marcel Proust.* Seltzer. 2 vols. $6.

PICKANINNY. By *Estelle Margaret Swearingen.* Duffield. $1.25 net.

MIDIAN MEDITATIONS. By *Jean Berry.* Putnams. $1.50.

MISS MACKENZIE. By *Anthony Trollope.* (World's Classics). Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE LAXDŒLA SAGA. Translated from the Icelandic (Huebsch).

PRAIRIE FIRES. By *Lorna Doone Beers.* Dutton. $2.

MRS. FULLER. By *Marguerite Bryant.* Duffield. $2 net.

THE MISSING INITIAL. By *Natalie Sumner Lincoln.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE LAIRD. By *Winifred Duke.* London: Long.

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Miscellaneous

THE SUBURBAN TREND. By HARLAN PAUL DOUGLASS. Century. 1925. $2.

The city of today has grown with the centralizing stimulus of a mechanical and industrial age so hugely and often so rapidly as to exceed the most sanguine dreams of early settlers, even the most far-sighted, and to defy half-hearted and ill-considered plans for control. Within the last decade only has city planning been developed adequately.

Mr. Douglass has attempted to define the suburb as distinguished from the metropolitan or the rural community and has interpreted from population, financial, and other statistics its present status in cost of living, social, and sociological aspects. A sound economist, he inquires rationally into the probable future function of this intermediate form of the community. With increasing population and improved agricultural and industrial methods, he sees a greater inter-dependence between the decentralized city and its surrounding suburbs, both relying on their contributory rural districts for sustenance. There will be more and smaller cities, larger and more homogeneous suburbs, and farming both more intensive and less remote. A careful and conservative study, it is often provocative, as for example in the final chapter, "A crowded world must be either suburban or savage."

WORLD MISSIONARY ATLAS. Edited by HARLAN P. BEACH and CHARLES H. FAHS. Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. 1925.

This is a lineal descendant of "The Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions" which, compiled by Professor Beach, first appeared in 1903 and had successors and supplements under varying titles in 1910, 1911, and 1916. It is concerned almost exclusively with Protestant activities, for but one map is devoted to the mission stations of the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox communions. For Protestant missions it is a mine of information. There is a directory of all Protestant foreign missionary societies, and there are full statistics, both in summary and by countries and societies, of the work of Protestant missions—the number of missionaries, the native staff engaged in the work of the church, schools and colleges, medical education, hospitals and dispensaries, and the total number of Christians and of those under Christian instruction. The figures are usually for the close of 1922. The maps are extensive and complete and are beautiful examples of the map maker's art. Few general atlases are as attractive or as accurate. In connection with each country in which mission work is done there are descriptive notes which in brief summary give essential information concerning climate, races, government, natural resources, industry, and religion. No pains have been spared to make the work accurate. As a book of reference for Protestant missions it has no rival. To the specialist it will prove indispensable and to one who has little or only casual information about missions it will prove a revelation.

THE POWER OF A SYMBOL. By *Lee Alexander Stone*. Covici.

TANTALUS, OR THE FUTURE OF MAN. By *F. C. S. Schiller*. Dutton. $1.

THE MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF INVESTMENT. By *Ernest Brown Skinner*. Ginn. $3.40.

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By *Pierre Janet*. Macmillan. $3.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP. By CYRIL HUME (Doran).

THE COMMON READER. By VIRGINIA WOOLF (Harcourt, Brace).

WHAT I BELIEVE. By BERTRAND RUSSELL (Dutton).

R. M. S. asks also for an illustrated edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson."

ON the authority of Bessie Graham's "Bookman's Manual" (Bowker), which the layman or the bookseller will find a present help in matters like this, "The Ingpen Bicentenary Edition, now out of print, contains 112 illustrations and is a most beautiful as well as a most satisfactory edition." But when he asks about an edition of Pepys both complete and illustrated, I admit I don't know that there ever has been one.

And since we are on the subject, let us attend to O. E. W., Gambier, O., who asks what translations have been made, in prose and verse, of the "Thebais" of Statius.

"THE THEBAID" was translated into English verse by W. L. Lewis in the latter part of the last century and published as one of Chalmer's poets. The Irish text, "Togail na Tebe," with an English translation by George Calder on alternate pages, was published in 1922 by the Cambridge University Press; it is imported by Macmillan. The "Ode to Sleep," by Papinius Statius, in English verse by Richard Stanton Lambert, was printed by the Stanton Press, Wembley Hills, England, in 1923.

C. E. S., Baltimore, Md., and G. L. S., Mexico, U. S. A., almost in the same mail, ask for a modern edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac", the former adding that in the facsimiles the double s makes him try to lisp even when reading silently.

IN the Riverside Literature Series (Houghton Mifflin), "Poor Richard's Almanac with other papers" costs 28 cents in Bristol boards. This series, long familiar to school children, must not be overlooked by those correspondents at a distance who ask me for cheap editions of good books, like Everyman and the World Classics. The print of the Riverside series is uncommonly clear.

R. A. K., Athens, Tenn., asks for suggestions for books for reference work in a college, on the subject of peace and war.

AS they are to be of recent publication, to supplement a collection, I suggest as a two-book library "Security Against War," by Frances Kellor, in collaboration with Antonia Hatvany (Macmillan). The first volume is on the machinery of peace and controversies, in theory and in practice: the first part given to the history and makeup of the League of Nations, the second to a presentation of its work in the Saar, and Dantzig, the Albanian, Italo-Greek, Fiume, Vilna complications, and all other important tests. The second volume is given to the Court of International Justice and the important matters brought before it since May, 1922, with American peace policies and plans for disarmament and outlawry of war. It is thoroughly documented and would make a reference work of the highest value to a college or study group.

"Non-Violent Coercion," by Clarence Case (Century), is a historical survey, brief and popular in style, of the attempts that have been made by man to settle differences and enforce peace without recourse to armed conflict. Beginning with ancient times and the Christian tradition he describes the Anabaptists, Bohemian Brethren, Quakers and other sectarians, passive resistance, and national boycott, demonstration, and the national strike, and ends with non-coöperation and the Gandhi movement.

Add to the recent list of books on the study of children's minds "Psychology for Child Training," by Arland D. Weeks (Appleton). It is by the Dean of the School of Education at North Dakota Agricultural College, and is for parents as well as teachers. It discusses native tendencies, typical behavior, and practical suggestions for training.

G. E. R., Phoenix, Md., asks for new books on anthropology that have appeared since the publication of "A Reader's Guide Book."

"ANTHROPOLOGY," by A. L. Kroeber, professor of that subject at the University of California (Harcourt, Brace), is the first attempt to sum up the present status of the whole science of anthropology in a single large but not unwieldy volume. It covers fossil man and living races, heredity, climate, and civilization, the alphabet and religion, and kindred subjects, with authority and in a manner not too heavy for the lay reader. It would provide this inquirer with material on the other subjects in which he is interested, heredity and ethnology. As his interest is along these lines, he will find stimulation and reward in the dynamic little books of which "Icarus" and "Daedalus" started a series, called "To-day and To-morroy" (Dutton). Bertrand Russell's "What I Believe" is a recent addition to this provocative collection: "The Mongol in Our Midst; or Man and His Three Faces," by F. G. Crookshank, adds to Alfred Kreymborg's famous query "How many monkeys are you?" the question "Which kind were you?" "Narcissus" looks after the philosophy of clothes, and two recent bombs explode on either side of the woman question.

E. W. D., Troy, Alabama, asks for light on the priniciples of the "new music" and guidance in the study of the "new" composers.

THE newest book on the subject has come, not long since, from the Oxford University Press, American Branch: Cecil Gray's "A Survey of Contemporary Music." It begins back with the Romantics of the nineteenth century and comes by way of Richard Strauss to essays on Frederick Delius, Edward Elgar, Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Scriabine, Schönberg, Sibelius, Bela Bartok, and several other composers. The reader who will get the highest return from this book is the concert-goer willing to take a chance and anxious for direction as to the composers with whom the chance is to be taken. He will find, such is Mr. Grey's contagious delight, number after number so described that he will make a note of the name and watch for it upon announced programs.

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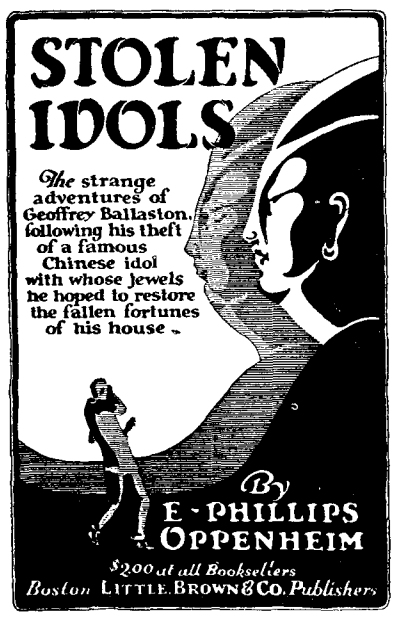
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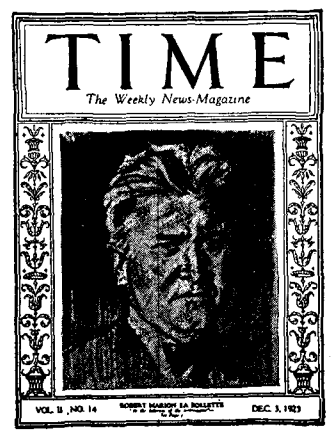

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Points of View

Style and Meaning

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your recent correspondent, Robert Nichols, apropos of Frances Newman's article, declares it a "blunder" to look for style apart from meaning. To support him he quotes Arnold Bennett to the effect that "when a writer conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words. That form of words constitutes his style, and it is absolutely governed by the idea. The idea can only exist in words. And it can only exist in one form of words. You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways."

Can you give space to showing that if there is a blunder anywhere, it is on the side of Arnold Bennett and his disciples? Contrary to Mr. Nichols's opinion, "panjandrums" have not passed Bennett's ideas by, unfortunately, as indication of which is the fact that at least in one university the particular chapter from which the quotation is taken is taught to all freshmen. Being under the necessity of teaching it myself, I have had more than one occasion to revolt at its spacious plausibility.

"When a writer conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words." Let us examine this psychological dictum a little. Does a writer conceive the landscape or the face he imagines in the form of words? Does he conceive intonations of voice, or sounds of nature or of industry, in the form of words? Does he conceive the manifold emotional crisis of his characters in the form of words? Rather, does he not look back into his own experience, and piece it together in new combinations, each part in its own proper memory form, auditory, visual, emotional? Bennett indeed infers that thought itself does not exist without words, whereas everyone's experience, let alone the teachings of the psychologists, tells him that words play only a part, usually a small part, in our thinking.

Even writers who deal most with abstractions, and who, therefore, have most need for words, must use them as shorthand symbols for classified experience; the words are not the ideas, but symbols of them. "Words are wise men's counters." What writer worthy the name does not have to search incessantly for the word nearest his meaning? It is the misfortune of authorship that he can never wholly succeed in finding it.

The conception is behind the words and superior to the words. And therein lies the reason for the frequent saying that many people are true poets except for the gift of expression. Their emotional experiences are far too fine for their capacity to describe them. That capacity is the capacity to find the right words for pre-existing conceptions!

Bennett says again: "You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways." It is true that no two words are exact synonyms. But it is further true that no two people can have exactly the same idea of even the same word; that the same sentence will have different meanings to different readers. Nay, from this point of view there can never be understanding among men about anything. The doctrine reduces itself to absurdity.

In opposition to such sophistication I maintain that writers have usually clear ideas before they find words for them (or should!); that the ideas are not dependent on the particular form of words in which they finally are more or less inadequately expressed; and that they can be expressed in more than one way. For instance, Bacon makes a famous remark about books, which could be paraphrased, like this: There are three kinds of books—one that needs only glancing through; another that needs reading; and a third that requires study. Flat and ugly as it is, this paraphrase gives the same idea, an idea, to be sure, that is commonplace and self-evident enough. The difference lies in the expression. It is Bacon's vivid metaphor that makes his idea memorable; it is his success with style apart from content that has made that sentence one of the common quotations of our language.

It requires great tact and delicacy to discuss a writer's style apart from his meaning, but to say one should not is to disregard distinctions, and to obscure by false simplification a phenomenon as complex and subtle as human nature itself.

ALAN R. THOMPSON.

Madison, Wis.

Unfortunate Lapses

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

What, I ask as victim, are we to do about "authorities" who confuse students, librarians, and mere readers, with authoritative misinformation? The recently issued "Home Book of Modern Verse" (Holt) is a case in point. Like its predecessor, it is a Tome: generous, inclusive, encyclopedic. It displays excellent, if not unusual taste. It is dignified and definite. For that very reason one trusts its editor completely. And while the reader remains among the poems his confidence is not misplaced. But if he ventures into the Index for information, he should be warned that Mr. Burton Stevenson is a lazy and actually unreliable guide. T. S. Eliot, for example, is not the same gentleman as one "Thomas Silas Eliot" nor was he "born in London, June 5, 1882." The author of "Prufrock" and "The Waste Land" (as Mr. Stevenson could have discovered with little effort) is Thomas Stearns Eliot, an American, born in St. Louis in 1888. Robin Flower is no vague uncertainty, but an English poet in charge of some of the most precious manuscripts in The British Museum. H. D. has not been "living in London" for the last five years; Ralph Hodgson has not lived in Northumberland since the war; Charlotte Mew is, as almost anybody could have told Mr. Stevenson, one of the finest of living poets, an Englishwoman who can be found in her tiny studio in Fitzroy Square. "No biographical data available" occurs with suspicious regularity in Mr. Stevenson's index. In one instance, at least, it is justifiable. There is little to discover about "Michael Lewis" for there never was nor is there any such person. How, I wonder, did Mr. Stevenson come to quote from this non-existent poet?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MOSTLY MOONSHINE. By MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE. Appleton. 1925. $1.50.

This book, with its delicate and beautiful little woodcuts, makes a charming appearance. Would that there was one arresting poem in the bundle of slender verses! There is not. Yet we cannot view the contribution with utter distaste because of the joy the writer seems to take in producing verses—fair, bad, and indifferent. There is overmuch of the god Pan and Ye Orchard Bough and The Passing of Summer and all the other themes now as lack-lustre as four times watered wine! But . . . once in a way there is real spontaneous song, as in "Daybreak on the Farm" and "Cock-Crow" and "The Princess of Kensington." The author's forte undoubtedly lies in her child ballads and rhymes. In these she gives the vivid pictures that appeal to the childish mind, and she should stick to them, and not accumulate another collection of sentimental flutterings!

XLI POEMS. By *E. E. Cummings*. Dial.

A FOOL I' THE FOREST. By *Richard Aldington*. Dial.

TREES. By *Joyce Kilmer*. Decorated by *E. MacKinstry*. Doran.

MIRRORS. By *Margaret Tod Ritter*. Macmillan. $1.25.

A LOVER OF THE LAND. By *Frederick Niven*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Travel

HUNTING AND ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Duffield. 1925. $4.

This is what our grandmothers would have called an honest book. There is no fairy-tale in it, none of the art which might have presented the facts selectively, or dressed them in other than the diary boots and overalls. The author is one of the world's splendid citizens, who has been saddled by great responsibilities. It was natural for his mind to revert to his youth, and here he has presented us with 460 pages of recollections of the first voyage he took to the Arctic, in 1882. The book is a compendium of information about bears, whales, seals, drift-ice, in short all Arctic phenomena, interspersed with data that interest nobody, such as "I had a cabin aft, on the port side of the saloon; the captain's cabin was opposite on the starboard side." If writers would only have someone pick out and throw away the slag!

But it is not fair to complain. Anybody who will read creatively as he goes can live in the Arctic; the sights, sounds, and smells are all put down for him. And lengthy drawings by Nansen give much of the atmosphere that the prose omits.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SHANGHAI. By F DEWITT WELLS. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.50.

This book by a man who has not made writing his profession about a trip made in a forty-seven-foot sailboat from Norway to Iceland, Greenland, and points west by a quintet of amateurs, has an appeal which writers of adventure might well envy.

"You are certainly the prize lunatic," Judge Wells's friends told him. And what would you say about a man who knowing "nothing about navigation, was fifty years old, had a game leg and not very good health," had therefore reasoned out that "if I were ever going to sail the cean now was the time."? Judged by apartment house reasoning, he and his friends were the sort of fools who out-distance angels. But we are glad that the Viking strain persists, that politness can still feel the pull of the White North; and we are heartily glad that the Judge survived the shipwreck to write this gay chronicle.

For gay it is, and amusing without artifice, and very human. And the shipwreck in a hurricane is vivid, thrilling. Vivid, too, are the masterly pictures of Iceland civilization, Greenland scenery, and the character delineations of the men that the Judge hired. Mr. Ask, the laconic Norwegian, is perfectly suggested. This book delights by its obvious truth, its ingenious revelations, its carefree style. We only wish that the Judge had not choked it off so short. We want to know what his friends are calling him now. Nothing succeeds like getting ashore.

TALES OF SOUTHERN RIVERS. By ZANE GREY. New York: Harpers. 1925. $3.

The spell of subtropic landscape and the thrill of hunting-grounds, as well as the jungle itself, are in this book. Zane Grey's well-known descriptive powers here reach exceptional vividness in these tales of hunting, fishing, and exploring in the southern states, and as far toward the equator as remote corners of Mexico.

Catching man-eating orcas in the Gulf Stream, tarpon in the stifling hush of the Everglade mangrove swamps, hand-to-hand fights with blood-crazed jaguars in the depths of the Mexican jungle, are here realistically dealt with. Here are tales of matching strength and skill with strange game creatures of the southern seas, of explorations into strange nooks and corners where no white man and no boat has ever been before, places of queer, exotic beauty and magic where gorgeous birds and flowers of exquisite beauty weave enchantment. The author had to coast down waterfalls and fight crocodiles and wild boars in order to come out alive.

The vim and color that he puts into his novels of the West can here be observed, and illustrations from photographs that he snapped himself handsomely add to the reality of the stories told.

HANDBOOK OF ALASKA. By MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. GREELEY. 3rd edition with new chapters. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.50.

This book was reliable and useful as a compendium of facts in its first edition. It has been thoroughly revised and expanded to cover Alaskan conditions up to 1924, and is now the best available handbook for those who wish essential information concisely put. The future of Alaska as one of the greatest areas of travel, sport, recreation in the world is certain, whatever may happen to its fisheries and mines, and librarians will find increasing demands for a treatise that is neither too romantic nor too special for the reader in search of information.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY! By *Clare E. Laughlin*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By *Walter Collins O'Kane*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT. By *Frank T. Bullen*. Appleton. $2.

WE VISIT OLD INNS. By *Mary Harrod Northend*. Small, Maynard. $3 net.

OUR SUSSEX PARISH. By *Thomas Geering*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. By *Sir Frederick Treves*. Dutton. $4.

REGARDING THE FRENCH. By *Moma Clarke*. McBride. $2.50 net.

THE LAND OF PARDONS. By *Anatole C. Braz*. McBride. $2.50 net.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

ORIGINAL drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, inscribed first editions of Samuel Butler, and other valuable first editions and manuscripts from the library of the late Henry Cole Quinby of this city, and the private collection of Elizabeth B. Stansfield of Springfield, Ill., with additions, were sold at the Anderson Galleries in two sessions May 4 and 5, 528 realizing $8,937. The highest price of the sale was $3,750 paid by James F. Drake for the complete signed manuscript of Stevenson's "My First Book—Treasure Island," written on 8pp., folio, with many corrections and deletions in the author's hand. This manuscript first appeared in *The Idler* for August, 1894, and *McClure's Magazine* for September, 1894, followed by its publication in book form together with other similar relations by Kipling, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, and others, under the general title, "My First Book."

Other unusual lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Beardsley (Aubrey). Original drawing of a grotesque, 3 inches by 2 inches, framed, $90.

Butler (Samuel). "The Fair Haven," 8vo, cloth, London, 1873. First edition, with author's presentation inscription. $95.

Butler. "Unconscious Memory," 12mo, cloth, London, 1880. First edition, author's presentation copy. $95.

Butler. "Shakespeare's Sonnets," 8vo, cloth, London, 1899. First issue of the first edition with the author's presentation inscription. $165.

Dickens (Charles). "A Christmas Carol," 16mo, original cloth, London, 1843. First issue of the first edition. $87.50.

Drinkwater (John). "Abraham Lincoln," 12mo, original wrappers, London, 1918. First edition, author's presentation copy. $82.50.

Stevenson (R. L.). "A Child's Garden of Verses," 16mo, original cloth, New York, 1888. First American edition, inscribed "Blanche & Bertha Baker from a profound admirer of their cats, Robert Louis Stevenson." $520.

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

RARE first editions, inscribed copies, original manuscripts, Mosher and other special press publications, a fine series of books designed by Bruce Rogers, including the more important volumes from the library of the late Carlotta Russell Lowell, the remaining portion of the library of the late Dr. Dudley Tenny, and the collection of Louise Van Dyke of Grosse Point, Mich., were sold at the American Art Galleries in three sessions on May 4 and 5, 711 lots bringing $15,755. There was lively competition throughout the sale and good prices generally prevailed.

A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Aldrich (T. B.). "Père Antoine's Date Palm," square 8vo, original wrappers, Cambridge, 1866. First edition, limited to 20 copies, author's presentation copy. $185.

Conrad (Joseph). "A Set of Six," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1908. First edition, author's presentation copy. $105.

Conrad. "John Galsworthy, An Appreciation," 8vo, wrappers, Canterbury, 1922. First edition, author's presentation copy. $105.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "The Scarlet Letter," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1850. First issue of first edition, with Custom House document signed by author inserted. $92.50.

Kipling (Rudyard). "The Story of the Gadsbys," 8vo, wrappers, Allahabad, 1888. First issue of first edition. $155.

Lowell (James Russell). "Commemoration Ode," royal 8vo, original gray boards, Cambridge, 1865. First edition privately printed, with author's presentation inscription. $900.

Poe (Edgar Allan). A. L. S. 1 p. 4to, Richmond, June 8, 1836, unpublished. $230.

Poe. *New York Mirror*, Vol. I, No. 18, February 8, 1845, containing the first publication of "The Raven." $830.

Stevenson (R. L.). "Catriona," 12mo, cloth, London, 1893. First edition, bound in are two sheets of the author's original manuscript. $385.

Thackeray (William Makepeace). "Vanity Fair," 20 parts in 19, 8vo, original yellow pictorial wrappers, London, 1847-48. First edition, fair copy. $830.

CATALOGUE OF JOHNSONIANA

A CATALOGUE of permanent value for reference comes from Elkin Matthews of London. It bears the title, "A Catalogue of Books by or relating to Dr. Johnson and Members of His Circle." It contains 110 pages all of which are of interest to the Johnson collector. John Drinkwater has written an introduction which is of sufficient importance to make the catalogue a desirable Drinkwater first edition. The cataloguing is exceptionally well done, the scholarly and illuminating notes being of special bibliographical value. In one paragraph Mr. Drinkwater says:

"I am sure some one has called Johnson the most famous Englishman; in any case the designation may pass, and everyone will at least allow that he was the first figure of his age, that his age was, in fact, Johnson's age. And he led a society of first-raters, one of England's greatest statesmen, one of her greatest painters, her most versatile man of genius (if a best novel, a best poem, and a best play are good for the title), the founder of her political economy, her most famous historian, perhaps her greatest actor, her incontestably first biographer and a host of only smaller talents."

Mr. Drinkwater is not a Johnson collector, but he has a good word for those who are and points out that this catalogue makes a capital starting point.

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The Phoenix Nest

A City Mythology

RAMBLING through Bulfinch the other day and through the manual of Alexander S. Murray, we fell to thinking about the Greek and Roman gods, to pondering upon the Vedic Varuna and Indra, upon the Norse dignitaries whose thrones were in Gladsheim, and the eight great gods of Egypt, Neph, Amun, Pthah, Khem, Sati, Maut, and Bubastis, so familiar to you all. Might it not be possible, we wondered, to conceive a proper mythology for New York City? Godless Manhattan cried out, it seemed to us, for a proper hierarchy. Statues of apt deities might well supplant many of the frock-coated monstrosities in our public squares. So thinking, our pipe went out and we fell into a trance. And it seemed to us that the new gods came.

We stood in Madison Square, lately deleted of the historic Garden and its presiding Diana. And we beheld Flatire, the god of the Flatiron building. In his right hand he held a fistful of United Cigar Store coupons of brilliant colours, in his left he brandished a mug of coffee from a Hudson Lunch, and his face was as the face of a great clock. His hands were spread before his face.

Beneath his gigantic knees moved the swaying tops of green and brown busses, like crawling bugs. Like the brazen man of Crete he bestrode the traffic, from Broadway to Fifth Avenue. "Hail, Flatire! Great is Flatire!" acclaimed the people. A great shout rose from those who waved newspapers from the benches of the park.

A change came o'er the spirit of our dream. We were at Forty-second Street. Gostop, the god of the Great Crossing, loomed like a monolith before us. He was helmed with the crows' nest of a traffic tower, and the three eyes in his head burned red and yellow and green. His general effect was that of a tall scaffold or one of H. G. Wells's Martians. He was swathed in brilliant and expensive fabrics, and his dexter mitt waved a catalogue of the New York Public Library.

From Times Square hallooed to him Skysyno, the great god of the theatre district. His face was the face of David Belasco but his voice was the voice of Winthrop Ames. Both his hands dangled bright puppets upon a thousand strings. Heywood Broun clung to his left-hand lapel and Alec Woollcott to his right. Bob Benchley sat on the bridge of his nose. His feet were foyers and his mouth foamed with box-office receipts.

We turned from Skysyno with a shudder and dived into the subway. We caught a downtown express. Emerging at Brooklyn Bridge, we peered more closely at the Butter Boy ferninst City Hall, decided that he was certainly not a god, and then raised our eyes to the real divinity of this district, the great god Nooze, lifting the Woolworth Tower like a spear. The words of his mouth were as the thunder of cannon, or of Hoe Presses. His stridence shook the Old Post Office. His chest was plastered with pictures from an Illustrated Daily. He scooped handfuls of people from the street, cracked them between his nails, and deftly examined their insides. "I am The Inquiring Reporter," he roared.

Scuttling southward from his tumult we turned Eastward from Trinity Church down a steep place into the Street. Bonstocko stood where Stedman's Pan had piped. Great is Bonstocko, greatest of all the gods! His attire is ticker tape. The fingers of each enormous hand constantly gesticulate in strange gestures. Either breast is a Bank, with plate glass windows, and gunmen in automobiles adventure on his shoulders. He champs on gold. Wild speculation is in his eye. The pelts of bulls, bears, and lambs adorn his waist for a sash. Ever and anon he breatheth the mystic syllables mor-gan and the high buildings and deep canyons reverberate around him.

But by now we had almost had our fill of the new gods. We fled away to the yellow "L" and were off uptown. Fresh breezes cooled our fevered brow on the open platform. How long we journeyed on the flying dragon we cannot tell, but at length, after various mutations, we espied the Bronx.

Arlem is a great god. His colour is Ethiop. His tall bulk is constantly asway. His soul is music. His eyes roll and his stone feet shuffle. The Indies have woven him a gaudy robe of divers stuffs. Red bougainvilleas are a wreath for his head. He calleth on Big Dick and Little Phoebe, lesser divinities of his realm. He wieldeth a sax as big as the Mauretania.

And we have named but a few of the deities of this our city. Nor have we touched upon the many legends that surround them. There is no space here to relate how Philemonheimer and Baukistein, an aged couple of the poorer class, were living peacefully and full of piety towards the gods in their cottage-tenement in Eesidia, when Bunc, the greatest god of Manhattan, paid them a visit as a world-weary travelling salesman. Nor can we set forth the twelve labours of Harold Kleez, in the service of Moviestar,—how he quelled Produsa, the offspring of Typhon and Echidna, where this monster devastated the western district of Holy Wood, to the horror of the natives; how he encountered the Scenarian Bore, threw the Cretins the bull and fermented at last the apples of the Hesperides. Alas! Would we could relate how the Greeks sailed up the Hudson to Troy, armed with blacking-brushes, and engaged the immaculate Arrocollas; or how the Harpys licked the Gorgons in the eighteenth inning at the Polo Grounds. The second childhood of Dionysos among the sileni and vine-tenders of the night clubs must go unsung, and the newer Ovidian metamorphoses of the Village remain a dream. Oï-Oïkles, the father of Amphinandandius; Thyndhairius expelled from Jazziania by the Happicoontides; Terminus, the god of the Grand Central; Nyx, the presiding deity of the Central Park police; Ino, the flapper-nymph, and Errata, the Muse of Galley Proofs,—all these have their stories. But we must not linger in recounting them.

Meanwhile, we have but roughly traced the outlines of our trance. The true "Manual of Manhattan Mythology" is yet to be compiled, we hope by abler hands. We recommend the idea to the attention of the devout. What Petiscus, Prelles, and Welcker did in their researches into old-world myth may yet be rivalled by some creator of a new pantheon of heroes suitable to this neck of the woods. Yes, even Brooklyn might have its deities, and the maenads and bassarids of Long Island their proper celebration. Believe us, they might!

W. R. B.

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—*Arnold Bennett,* by Mrs. Arnold Bennett.

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